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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

FIRST STANZAS OF A CREED.

God sends no message by me. I am
mute

When Wisdom crouches in her
farthest cave;

I love the organ, but must touch the
lute.

I cannot salve the sores of those who
bleed;

I break no idols, smite no olden laws,
And come before you with no separate
creed.

No controversies thrust me to the ledge
Of dangerous schools and doctrines
hard to learn;

Give me the whitethroat whistling in
the hedge.

Why should I fret myself to find out
nought?

Dispute can blight the soul's eternal
corn
And choke its richness with the tares
of thought.

I am content to know that God is
great,
And Lord of fish and fowl, of air and
sea—
Some little points are misty. Let them
wait.

Norman Gale.

THE GARDEN.

My heart shall be Thy garden: yea,
All flowers and fruit: Come, walk
therein,
Thy pleasant garden. Not, I pray,
That where Thy Passion did begin.

No olive-garden dewed with blood,
Watered with tears where Thou
didst lie
And know Thine hour was come: the
Rood
Waiting Thee and Thine Agony.

Nay, Lord, the garden, if Thou wilt,
Where Thou didst rise on Easter
morn,
When all the world was purged of
guilt,
Thy innocent world, new-saved, new-
born.

Over the dream of blood and pain,
When through the garden and the
grove

In the great sunrise Magdalen
Came weeping for her late-slain
Love.

And yet—what grace beyond desert!
What joy beyond man's highest need!
If in Thine hour of utmost hurt
My garden should support Thy head.

Katharine Tynan.

The New Witness.

RONDEAU.

*(After the French of Charles d'Orleans,
1391-1465.)*

Time hath thrown downe the robe he
bare

Of wind and cold and chillie raine,
And nowe with sunbeams cleare
again

In lordlie raiment doth he fare.
Each beast and bird doth nowe de-
clare

Harsh-voiced or smoothe the tidings
plaine:

Time hath thrown downe the robe he
bare

Of wind and cold and chillie raine.
Nowe fountaines, streams, and brookes
repair

Their sheeny floods that downward
draine

With gold and silver in their traine.
All things new vesture nowe doe
wear,—

Time hath thrown downe the robe he
bare.

Wilfrid Thorley.

THE DANDELION.

The dandelion is brave and gay,
And loves to grow beside the way;
A braver thing was never seen
To praise the grass for growing green.
You never saw a gayer thing,
To sit and smile and praise the Spring.

The children with their simple hearts,
The lazy men that come in carts,
The little dogs that lollop by
They all have seen its shining eye:
And every one of them would say,
They never saw a thing so gay.

Frances Cornford.

ASIATIC EMIGRATION: A WORLD QUESTION.

At a time when the problems connected with Indian emigration to South Africa, etc., have poignant interest for us, it may be well to call the attention of the readers of the *Hindustan Review* to the grave issues which are being raised in consequence of emigrants from Asia (Japan, China, India, etc.) being repelled by the white men who dominate North America and British overseas Dominions. The domestic aspect of the question has considerable appeal for us—and for good reason: but the international phase of it receives scant notice in India. Yet the problems involved in the persistent knocking of the Asiatic at doors which are rudely slammed in his face, or which are grudgingly opened just a fraction to permit him to squeeze through, constitute a world question which, if allowed to go very far, threatens to set the East against the West, the "colored" man and white man by the ear. In my opinion, all those who are interested in eliminating inter-racial discord and promoting universal brotherhood amongst diverse communities, must ponder these complexities and seek to find a solution for them. With this object in view, I propose to set down briefly the main points of the case.

The primary question to consider is: Why do Asiatics, who are reputed the world over to be home-loving people, extremely chary of leaving the spot where they are born, emigrate?

Satisfactorily, to answer this query we must cast a glance at the conditions which exist in the countries from which they emigrate. The Asiatics who repair to North and South America and British Dominions and Colonies in various parts of the world, mainly hail from Japan, China, and

India. Each of these lands has a large population which more or less presses hard upon the agricultural and economic resources of the respective countries.

I.

Japan (excluding its colonies and possessions) has a population of 52,000,000, and, roughly speaking, an area of 148,000 square miles. Fully five-sixths of the area is so mountainous that it is unfit for the production of crops. The small percentage of land that is available for cultivation requires incessant labor to make it pay.

The Nipponese peasant is patient and industrious. Compulsory primary education has done much to whet his naturally sharp wits. His Government has labored hard to give him an insight into modern methods of farming, dairying, and cattle-raising, and induce him to use effective implements. The Administration has sought to place within his reach loans advanced at low interest to enable him to buy superior seed and machinery. But withal, agriculture in Japan involves back-breaking drudgery, yields paltry profits, and is heavily taxed.

The Sunrise Empire, in addition to Japan proper, has outlying possessions—Korea, with an area of 71,000 square miles and a population of about 12,000,000; Formosa, 13,500 square miles in extent and with about 3,080,000 inhabitants; Saghalien, or Karafuto, some 12,000 square miles in extent and peopled by 25,000; and the Pecosadores, nearly 53 square miles in area. It also has the lease of the Liao-Tung Peninsula, and certain rights in Manchuria. These possessions and zones of influence provide valuable opportunities to the Mikado's subjects, and they have not been slow to take advantage of them. Large

numbers of Japanese, during recent years, have emigrated to the colonies and possessions, and many more are going to these parts to exploit the resources and grow wealthy.

But despite all this, there is a large body of Nipponese upon whom the lure of Asiatic lands is entirely lost. Indeed, even the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, to which many of them have been attracted, possess no charms for them. If they want to leave their home-land, they do not wish to go to any Asiatic or semi-Asiatic land.

The sole objective of these men and women is North America—and nowhere else. Frequent and serious attempts have been made to deflect the tide to Mexico and South America. Many ship-loads of Nipponese have gone in those directions, many more are going there, and still more are likely to go. But even then, a considerable number of Japanese remain who desire to emigrate to California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and, if possible, to push eastwards, both in the United States of America and Canada.

Why this preference for North America?

It certainly is not due to the fact that Americans and Canadians stand on the shores of the Pacific Ocean with their arms outstretched to welcome the Japanese. On the contrary, the white settlers on the Pacific Coast for years have behaved rudely to the Nipponese immigrants. They have sought to make use of all means in their power to bar out the fresh arrivals, and to worry and badger those settled amongst them and restrict their rights and privileges. Hostility has even flamed into riots and disturbances.

What, then, is the attraction which makes the Japanese, in the face of opposition and studied insolence, con-

tinue to remain in North America, and draws others of their countrymen to come and settle there?

Primarily, the attraction is economic. The Japanese go to the Pacific slope of North America because there they find unique opportunities for amassing the goods of this world. With much less labor than they are required to perform at home, they can secure, in California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, many times the amount of money they would make in Nippon. In spite of the difference in prices of living, they can manage to save and rapidly go ahead, whereas in their native land they would not be much above the poverty line.

Secondarily, American culture permeates the new life in Japan. The fact that it was an American—the late Commodore Perry—who induced Nippon to join the comity of nations, and the additional fact that the United States of America was the next-door neighbor of Nippon, paved the way for the predominance of American influence in the newly-opened land. That the United States of America immediately following the success of Perry, sent capable agents (like Townsend Harris) to represent the Washington authorities in Tokyo (or Yedo, as it was called until 1868) made the inrush of American ideas all the easier. When the *Meiji* era opened in 1868, with the restoration to power of the late Emperor (*Teno*) Matsu Hito, American advisers, teachers, and engineers were invited to help to reorganize the Japanese polity. To be sure, Nippon did not set itself against European influence. On the contrary, it invited Europeans to assist it in the task of reconstruction and sent its young men and women to England and the Continent to learn all they could of European institutions. It is also noteworthy that Great Britain and the

Continental Powers sent some of their shrewdest statesmen to the Mikado's Court. But when all the considerations are weighed, American influence has predominated in Nippon since it was opened up. What wonder, then, that the Japanese who feel the economic pressure at home and possess the pluck to leave the land of their fathers, should wish to go across the Pacific Ocean to the country which has thus impressed itself upon a transitional Japan?

The strength of the sentiment created in the Japanese can be appreciated only when it is remembered that it exists even though the "Westerners" (as the Americans settled in the Pacific Coast States, etc., are called in their own country) have left nothing undone to impress upon the Nipponese, that, so far as they are concerned, the United States is not a land of liberty, or democracy, or Christian brotherhood. A sentiment which can bear such a strain is strong indeed. But my opinion is that the sentiment alone, without being reinforced by economic conditions, could never have stood the tension.

II.

To turn to the conditions which are responsible for sending the Chinese to lands dominated by the whites:

China (proper) has a population estimated to exceed 400,000,000 and an area of more than 1,500,000 square miles. Much of the land is fertile, in a great, or small degree, but the soil has been under cultivation for ages, and needs careful manuring and hard toil. The Chinese peasant is persevering and intelligent. But he is illiterate, and knows nothing of the progress that agriculture has made in the Occident. His implements and methods have not changed for centuries. His incessant labor gives him a poor living. In normal times he has

little to spare. When scarcity comes, he starves. Even in the most prosperous seasons he has practically no diversion to infuse joy into his monotonous existence.

Variations in population are great in China. Certain provinces are very densely, others are extremely thinly, populated. There is some movement from the congested to the sparsely settled areas, but in spite of it a large stream of migration has a tendency to pour out of the country. Large bodies of Chinese have settled in the nearby Asiatic lands—the Philippines, Malaysia, Burma, and even India proper.

These countries, however, do not absorb all the Chinese who want to go out of China. The reason for this is that they are already more or less thickly populated, and there is not much room for settlers. There are other parts of the world which are not yet congested. To some of these lands (South Africa, etc.), the Celestial has been coaxed, and there he has worked under indenture. To others (the United States, Canada, etc.) he has been induced to go by those desirous of cheap labor, and has found economic opportunities such as he can find nowhere else. Thus the tendency has been created in Chinese residing in thickly populated districts to go to lands which the white people consider to be their reserves.

This tendency, however, meets with uncompromising hostility. Chinese immigrants are excluded from more than one land, notably from the United States of America. Canada does not bar them out, but charges Rs. 1,500 poll tax per head.

But exclusion or not, the Chinese continue to go. Where they are absolutely denied entry they smuggle themselves across the boundary line. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border into the United States for

years has been a lucrative business, and not a few Americans, not to speak of Chinese, engage in the traffic. American immigration officials, despite all their vigilance, have been unable to stop such illicit entry; and the authorities, though much chagrined, openly confess that their efforts to put a stop to the practice have not been successful.

In considering the question of Chinese emigration to the lands dominated by the whites, it is necessary to remember that the Caucasians themselves are responsible for giving the Orientals that desire. In the first place, European agents induced Celestials to go to South Africa, etc., to work as laborers in mines and plantations, just as the railway agents lured them to the United States of America and Canada to help to build the great line that connected the Atlantic with the Pacific coast. But in his dealings with the Oriental, the Occidental always says: "Thus far and no farther." If he wants the Chinese coolie to work for him, he requires him to serve under an indenture, and when the contract term is over, he does not wish the Celestial to stay as a *free* laborer where he has toiled as a slave, but compels him to re-indenture or go back to his native land. If he cannot have the Chinese work for him as a serf, he will not have him at all. The free Chinese, to him, is a member of the human species unfit to live under the same sky or tread the same earth that he walks upon. The Chinese does not see the logic of such an assumption and in the face of unmitigated opposition continues to go of his own accord to lands dominated by the whites, with a view to settling there as a free laborer.

Turning to the third group of Asiatics, our own countrymen, we find conditions similar to those which make the Chinese emigrate, are responsible

for the emigration of Indians. Those parts of Hindustan which are fertile are densely populated. There are portions which could support a much larger population than they do at present. During recent years much has been done to build irrigation canals and reservoirs. In the case of the Punjab Canal Colonies, several million acres of desert have been reclaimed by the wizardry of water. But when due credit is allowed to the British engineers for what these projects have done to shift population this redistribution is comparatively small. In spite of this and all other movements, the density of population in certain areas continues to be very great. Agriculture is the main industry in these regions, and it requires the hardest kind of work, and dependent as it is upon rain, involves great anxiety.

The people residing in these congested districts show an irrepressible tendency to emigrate. Burma and Ceylon have absorbed a large percentage of the emigrants. Many have gone to Malaysia, some to China, and a few to the Philippines.

But the Asiatic countries have not absorbed all of our emigrants. Large bodies of them have gone to British colonies and some to the United States of America. As is the case with the Chinese, Indians in the first place were lured by Europeans to go to the Colonies to work in their mines and on their plantations. Indians, like the Chinese, are still welcome in many of these lands so long as they are willing to serve under indenture. But free Indians are detested by Colonials as much as free Chinese.

The question rises: Why do the Oriental immigrants meet with determined opposition?

A multiplicity of reasons are advanced which may be briefly summarized. These Easterns, it is said,

belong to inferior races, are inferior in culture, bow to inferior gods, and are unclean in their habits and lead insanitary lives. Their standards of life, it is contended, are lower than those of Caucasians, and therefore they are able to underbid white laborers. Though some of them show a disposition to appropriate Western enlightenment and urge they are quite capable of acquiring Occidental culture, yet, it is alleged, they cannot be assimilated by those of European stock. In the case of the Japanese, it is asserted that their devotion to the Mikado is so strong that it is chimerical to hope that they would be faithful to the country of their adoption, especially if it went to war with Japan.

These contentions are hotly answered by those against whom they are urged. Each and all of them say that they possess an enlightenment that stretches into the misty past; and that their forefathers were civilized when Europeans were savages. They aver that they can underlive Americans and Europeans chiefly because they do not indulge in the expensive vices to which most Occidentals are addicted. They contend that life in the West is far too complex, far too costly, and point to the cry for the simple life as testimony to prove the strength of this argument. They assert that in any case the Eastern's standard of life is constantly rising. Many of them would remove the economic objections urged against them by the passage of a regulation insisting that Asiatics shall not work below the "union" scale of wages. They triumphantly point out that more and more Asiatics are standing up for higher wages. The educated amongst Asiatic immigrants are of the opinion that they can live among Occidentals without being a disturbing element, and make valuable intellectual, moral,

and material contributions to the communities in which they are settled, if the white people will only give them a fair chance. Finally, they affirm that discrimination is made against them only because they have yellow or brown, and not white hides, and fling the retort at Caucasians that it is ungracious for those professing Christianity to boycott people just because of color prejudice.

Thus rages the controversy, each side urging its arguments in its own way, and neither relenting in the struggle. Indeed, at the time of writing, the polemic has reached a very critical stage. The acute troubles of our countrymen in South Africa are too well known to be recalled here. Bills are pending in the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., to exclude Japanese and Indians.

If, for the sake of argument, it be conceded that these Bills to exclude Orientals were passed, would they solve the problem of Asiatic immigration?

Rather the reverse would be the case. Such measures will hurt the susceptibilities of the nations whose emigrants are thus excluded. Jingoism exists in the East as well as in the West; and such an occasion would be hailed by them as a capital chance to preach war and commercial boycotts.

What, then, is the remedy?

No satisfactory prescription has been offered. It is not possible to reason with prejudice. Possibly the problem will have to drift as best it may until the general level of civilization rises.

If the question were to be settled on a purely ethical basis, it would be easy enough to offer a solution. It is unquestionable that emigration from Asiatic countries is due to economic pressure. It is also unquestionable

that those who slam the door in the face of Asiatic emigrants dominate lands which are under-populated. By a strange irony of fate, these countries belong by right divine to the "colored" races, and not to the whites. America, Australia, and Africa, not so very long ago, were exclusively inhabited by dark-skinned people. The white man now dominates those continents. He has practically killed off the aborigines in America, and Australia, but Africa continues to be largely inhabited by blacks. With what grace can the white man keep the "colored" races out of these lands? Arguing on the basis of do as you wish to be done by, what right have the whites to be in Africa, where they cannot be assimilated by the Negroes, when, on the plea of unassimilability, they want to keep Asiatics out of North America?

No European has ever been able to justify the exclusion of Orientals from these regions on moral grounds, but considerations of expediency are advanced.

What are these considerations of expediency? Do they not, when analyzed, show that the Asiatics can offer a competition to Europeans and Americans which the Occidentals cannot combat? The Oriental, with his

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simple and frugal ways of life, finds it easy to underlive and underbid the Occidental with his expensive vices. If the Eastern has his squalid way of living, the Western can be taunted with living up to a standard which presses too highly upon his nerves. If the Asiatic standards need to be raised, then surely the standards of the Occidentals need to be brought down to a sane level. Between the squalor of the Eastern and the inane luxury of the Western, there is a mean that must be found for the good of both.

To my mind this question will remain unsolved until the Western actually lives up to the principles that he professes, and respects the rights of Asiatics as he wishes them to respect his rights. Such a quickening of conscience cannot be expected to evince itself all at once. But with the march of civilization it is bound to come. The only thing that we Asiatics can do to hasten the arrival of this happy time is to carry on a campaign to enlighten the Occidentals, always bearing in mind that we are morally in the right, and that on that basis alone, and not by the argument of force, we can win our case.

Saint Nihal Singh.

H. G. WELLS.

It must have been twenty years ago—I will not answer for the day or month—that I first heard the name of H. G. Wells. I remember the circumstance well. After a hard day at the "D.N.B." I was returning in the dusk between six and seven to the alluvial acclivities of Hampstead. It was on the top of a horse bus that the new gospel was announced to me, expounded, I remember, in kindling language and with an impressive ardor by

my colleague of those days, Mr. E. I. Carlyle, now Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. We curled round the top of New Bond Street and debouched into the great western tide-way of Oxford Street, and still I was seriously inclined to hear more about the potency of the time machine, the mastery of the scientific handling, the daring of a forecast of a future the reverse of flattering for the human race. It was the daring, the *aliquid*

novi of the literary adventure, the new note of self-confidence and precision in the English style, which fired the imagination of the missionary. Every new writer who is to cut a real dash must fire the ability of select disciples to make converts. I, at any rate, was successfully converted that evening between Marshall & Snelgrove's and the Marble Arch. I could not rest until I had got the book, devoured it, and talked it over again, no doubt enthusiastically, to my first initiator in the ways of "H. G." We were still young and self-conscious enough to recognize new writers without any sort of misgiving. (How extraordinary it is, by the way, that there should be no such writers now among the generation under thirty!) This new-truth-emanating Wells was a writer to idealize, a thinker to watch, a stylist whose progress must be noted with the reverential care the observer bestows upon a rising barometer. We had a vague knowledge and respect of him then as a very young man who had climbed the ladder very swiftly from the confines of the lower middle class; his emergence seemed to shed a bright ray upon the examination system (which then, as now, badly needed it). South Kensington might be a Jebus of Science, but it had been a Galilee of the Arts, so far at any rate as Polite Letters were concerned. Could a real genius emerge from Tutoria? The truth about the origin of Genius, difficult as it is to come by in anything more than homœopathic doses, is more of a miracle, perhaps, than the most amazing of Mr. Wells's hypothetical Romances.

His grandfather was head-gardener at Penshurst. His father, Joseph Wells, a man of an ingenious and passionate turn, partly revealed, one suspects, in the "New Machiavelli," took up cricket as a profession, was widely known as a very swift round-arm

bowler, and played for the county of Kent, then, in the sixties and seventies of the last century, at the meridian of its splendor. But at the time of the novelist's birth (September 21st, 1866) the ex-cricketer was keeping a small mixed shop at Bromley, in Kent. His mother, he tells us, was the daughter of an innkeeper at a place named Midhurst (scene of the climax of Mr. Hoopdriver's fortunes in "The Wheels of Chance"), where post-horses were supplied to the flying coaches before the railways came. The climate of his very early days is revealed not only in the "New Machiavelli," but also, I think, in "The War in the Air," and in one or two pregnant passages in "New Worlds for Old." The exciding of the small tradesman by the Company shop, as classically depicted by Zola in his "Au Bonheur des Dames," was already becoming a familiar feature in the England of the 'seventies, when the middle class of this country first united to raise a mighty pean in honor of the Co-operative Stores. To a small boy in Bromley, in a small glass and china and miscellaneous shop, it was already a matter of painful and absorbing interest. "My father was one of that multitude of small shopkeepers which had been caught between the 'Stores' above and the rising rates below; and from the knackerbocker stage onward I was acutely aware of the question hanging over us." The darkness of this cloud that threatened enabled him to write these vivid pages in "New Worlds for Old":¹

"In the little High Street of Sandgate over which my house looks, I should say between a quarter and a third of the shops are just downward channels from decency to despair; they are sanctioned, inevitable citizen-breakers. Now it is a couple of old servants opening a 'fancy' shop or a

¹ cf. "The Shop at Fishbourne," and "The Confessions of a Shopkeeper," by F. T. Bullen.

tobacco shop, now it is a young couple plunging into the haberdashery, now it is a new butcher or a new fishmonger or a grocer. This perpetual procession of bankruptcies has made me lately shun that pleasant-looking street, that in my unthinking days I walked through cheerfully enough. The doomed victims have a way of coming to the doors at first and looking out politely and hopefully. There is a rich and lucrative business done by certain wholesale firms in starting the small dealer in almost every branch of retail trade; they fit up his shop, stock him, take his one or two hundred pounds and give him credit for forty or fifty. The rest of his story is an impossible struggle to pay rent and get that debt down. Things go on for a time quite bravely. I go furtively and examine the goods in the window, with a dim hope that this time something really will come off; I learn reluctantly from my wife that they are no better than anyone else's, and rather dearer than those of one or two solid and persistent shops that do the steady business of the place. Perhaps I see the new people going to church once or twice very respectably, as I set out for a Sunday walk, and if they are a young couple the husband usually wears a silk hat. Presently the stock in the window begins to deteriorate in quantity and quality, and then I know that credit is tightening. The proprietor no longer comes to the door, and his first bright confidence is gone. He regards one now through the darkling panes with a gloomy animosity. He suspects one all too truly of dealing with the 'Stores.' . . . Then suddenly he has gone; the savings have gone, and the shop—like a hungry maw—waits for a new victim. There is the simple, common tragedy of the little shop; the landlord of the house has *his* money all right, the ground landlord has, of course, every penny of his money, the kindly wholesalers are well out of it, and the young people or the old people, as the case may be, are looking for work or the nearest casual ward—just as though there was no such

virtue as thrift in the world."

The capacity to see like this is ingrained in a writer by suffering. The nature of things in England looks on and smiles while thrift is being butchered thus, or cocks its eye knowingly and says, "Why, of course he ought to have taken a dram shop." The small retail business and the lodging-house are the two prime social *destructors* of the age. The small capital of the Wells family was lost in the first. The father had to seek new employment in a depreciated market. But the novelist's mother, who had once been a lady's maid, was more fortunate; she sought and found in 1878 a relatively well-paid employment as housekeeper to her former mistress Miss Fetherstonhaugh, at Up Park, near Petersfield—the Bladesover of "Tono-Bungay," with something, perhaps, of the Burnmore Park of "The Passionate Friends." For a time the future Utopist was with his mother at Petersfield—imbibing the strict rules of the British Hierarchy from Peers of England, and Peers of the United Kingdom down to Vicar, Doctor, and Vet.—the chain that linked the upper with the lower world, the precedence in which was even more rigidly enforced by means of the barriers which separated pantry and housekeeper's room from still-room and kitchen. The mother, however, who figures in "Tono-Bungay" has little in common with the minute and gentle little old lady who died only a few years ago, and whom some of us have been privileged to meet at Mr. Wells's house.

"Dominating all these memories is the figure of my mother—my mother who did not love me because I grew more like my father every day—and who knew with inflexible decision her place and the place of every one in the world—except the place that con-

² Knowledge derived from the same source is manifest in the inimitable Parker of "The Sea Lady."

cealed my father—and in some details mine. Subtle points were put to her. I can see and hear her saying now, 'No, Miss Fison, peers of England go in before peers of the United Kingdom, and he is merely a peer of the United Kingdom.' She had much exercise in placing people's servants about her tea-table, where the etiquette was very strict. I wonder sometimes if the etiquette of housekeepers' rooms is as strict to-day, and what my mother would have made of a *chauffeur*."

The real Mrs. Joseph Wells was of a very different quality from that stern lady. Perhaps one has just a gleam of her in the mother's diary in "The New Machiavelli."

"H. G." had made unauthorized piratical raids upon the library at Up Park, and he carried with him into the drapery ("the best organized trade in England," as he has since described it) to which he went as a learner in a shop at Windsor in 1879, an uncovenanted hunger for reading. Indulgence in this appetite led to his early transference to a chemist's shop in Midhurst, kept by spiritual ancestors of Mr. and Mrs. Ponderevo, the inimitable lady who "wanted a stopper," and called her husband "a silly old sardine." He may have left Windsor in some disgrace, as George left Blades-over, but it was all to the good that he was to go to Wimbleshurst and *learn Latin*!

"For me the years at Wimbleshurst were years of pretty active growth. Most of my leisure and much of my time in the shop I spent in study. I speedily mastered the modicum of Latin necessary for my qualifying examinations, and—a little assisted by the Government Science and Art Department classes that were held in the Grammar School—went on with my mathematics. There were classes in physics, in chemistry, in mathematics and machine drawing, and I took up all these subjects with considerable avidity. Exercise I got chiefly in the

form of walks. There was some cricket in the summer and football in the winter, sustained by young men's clubs that levied a parasitic blackmail on the big people and the sitting Member, but I was never very keen at these games."

The uncle in reality was not the chemist at Midhurst, but the primary schoolmaster at Wookey Hole, Somerset, where the young "Latin" scholar went as "improver" or pupil teacher at the age of fifteen. The period is obscure so far as subsequent autobiographical clues are concerned; but for some reason the experiment failed. Wells was then apprenticed to a draper on a larger scale than heretofore—this time at Southsea. The two years spent there, the constant friction between haberdashery and the folding of gingham, and the claims of literature, supply some of the liveliest episodes in "Kipps," "The Wheels of Chance," and "Mr. Polly." Perhaps the shopman, taking notes, may have witnessed a replica of the great scene in which the heroic Parsons, original genius at window-dressing, interrupted in one of his great conceptions, hurled a roll of huckaback, and "It the Guvnor on the 'ed—'ard." Eventually, H. G. Wells broke his indentures deliberately. He realized that the facilities for higher education that were then opening out offered him a better chance in life than a shop and comparative illiteracy could possibly do. "Mr. Polly" represents what he might well have become had he not embraced this opportunity. By the aid of some "greenish certificates," obtained at Midhurst, he secured a post as a sixteen-year-old assistant at Midhurst Grammar School, where no doubt he drew up a "Schema" and anticipated the experiences of Mr. Lewisham. Thence, in strict agreement with the revealing early chapters in that book, he obtained a scholarship at the Normal School of Science at South

Kensington, became, under the personal inspiration of the first Dean of the School, Professor Huxley, a biologist, and passed his B.Sc. with honors, in the first class. His "Science" obtained him an assistant-mastership at the Henley House School, St. John's Wood, where he taught not only science, but also English, and edited the *Henley House Magazine*, which had been started some years previously by a boy named Alfred Harmsworth. One of his pupils at this school was the "A. A. M." of *Punch*. From this school appointment he was attracted in due course by the elasticity of income derivable from the combined activities of tutor, lecturer, and crammer, at the old University Correspondence Classes, held in Red Lion Square, and directed mainly to the herculean task of assisting medical students through their "Inter." Among other things, "H. G." was a born demonstrator. [A manual of biology, continuous lecturing, and occasional excursions into journalism helped him to compile a respectable income, though not one that admitted of much saving. The labor was heavy, the classes were exigent, and the class-rooms were overwhelmingly hot. A break-down from overwork was almost inevitable in one form or another, and, in this particular case, it took the form of a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel at Charing Cross Station. Complete rest was essential, and Mr. Wells found it necessary to take lodgings in Eastbourne, in possession of forty pounds or so and no prospects. I suppose that this was the crisis of a career. The young lecturer, who had quickly obtained a rare hold upon his pupils, male and female, felt that his career had collapsed, that he was utterly "bowled out." But recovery was rapid. The convalescent at Eastbourne was essentially a member of what Mr. Polly called the "shove-acious cult." Money being essential,

Mr. Wells found an ingenious expedient for coining it by means of humorous articles, contributed with complete success, though coming from an unknown outsider, to the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then conducted by Harry Cust. The elation of these articles, such as "On Staying at the Sea-Side," "For Freedom of Spelling," "Chess Games," "Cheapness and my Aunt Charlotte" (which appeared later in "Certain Personal Matters"), is worthy of remark, when we reflect for a moment that the author had just had his career fractured, that he was so weak that he could hardly get down from his lodging to the beach, and that he had not got fifty pounds to his name in the world. A literary generalist might have detected in the articles a slight infusion of Dr. Holmes or Frank Stockton, those facetious American essayists, with suggestions perhaps of Jerome K., sufficient to incur the imputation, so dangerous in 1893, of infection by the "new humor." But, as a matter of cold, unimaginative fact, the genesis of these genial essays came directly from the perusal of a book borrowed for twopence from a library in Eastbourne, and the name of this book was "When a Man's Single," and its author is J. M. Barrie. The circulation of his work in a paper so well known as the *P. M. G.* gave the precise stimulus that "H. G.'s" blood required, and led in turn to an enhanced circulation. From being entirely unknown among quill-drivers, he began to be recognized as a recruit of almost inconceivable promise. He was hailed by Henley and George Steevens; among his earlier acquaintances in the craft were Marriott Watson, and R. A. M. Stevenson. A little later on he was on friendly terms with Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, George Gissing, and Le Gallienne. To these must be added Frank Harris, who recognized his ability by opening to him both the *Fort-*

nightly *Review* and the *Saturday*. Hitherto, he had seen himself in print mainly in educational papers and in the proofs of biological primers and manuals. Now he became a recognized writer in the Press, in the stalls of the theatres, reviewing books both scientific and literary. This journalistic year was 1894-5. Then came another shattering breakdown, which necessitated his turning from journalism to authorship proper; and he was very soon established at Woking, building up for the third time, and permanently, as it proved, a new source of regular and abundant income. Henceforth his life is submerged in his authorship. But, in the meantime, something very important had happened.

II.

In the Royal College of Science Journal, *The Phoenix*, which Wells started, and which still lives, he had outlined a sketch of the romantic possibilities of a fourth dimension. During a slack time in the summer of 1894, when editors were not printing his work very freely and the outlook was doubtful, he took this sketch and in a fortnight of hard work he reshaped it into a serial; fragments appeared in the *National Observer*, the whole, or nearly the whole, appeared as "The Time Traveller's Story" in Henley's *New Review*. He obtained £100 for the serial rights, and Heinemann published the little volume as "The Time Machine: An Invention," with a dedication to W. E. Henley, in 1895. The fame of this wonderful little book spread by oral transmission, for very little was done for it by the papers, always on the alert against unauthorized talent.

Wells first read his own name as an author in the chaste pages of the dominant literary journal of that day, called *The Athenæum*, in July, 1895. In June he had reprinted a series of

Pall Mall papers, and they were published in the Mayfair Set by John Lane under the title (not many of my readers have seen the elaborately-drawn page) "Select Conversations with an Uncle now Extinct, with two other Reminiscences," dedicated to R. A. C. *The Athenæum* found the thing "portentously foolish," and dismissed it with the Parthian shaft, "The book has a very nice cover." In this same year, the author published his first series of scientific Arabian Nights called "The Stolen Bacillus" (containing, "The Purple Pileus," "Epyornis Island," and other stories that will live as models of their period), and also "The Wonderful Visit" which obtained the dignified commendation of the leading literary journal referred to as a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*. I have come across people who regard this as the happiest of all its author's creations; many regard the next imaginary romance, which was written "in and out" or simultaneously with it, as absolutely the reverse.³ That literary journal discoursed learnedly on horrors that are legitimate, and horror that are illegitimate in literature. Philoctetes! Well, yes, Philoctetes might pass with some little demur (how about Gloucester's eyes, the torturing scene in *La Tosca*, and Edward II.'s end in Marlowe?), but Dr. Moreau's Island, no, no, really Mr. Wells, this will never do! (May, 1896). The book is certainly powerful, and I find it hauntingly horrible; *membra disjecta* from "Gulliver's Fourth Voyage," "Jekyll and Hyde," and "Frankenstein," could, perhaps, be detected in it by one of that new species, the thesis-fiend. In scientific hypothesis Wells had shown himself the equal of Verne, in rigorous deduc-

³ The germ of this demonstration of advanced Vivisection appeared first in the "Saturday" of January, 1895, as "Doctor Moreau Explains." "The Wonderful Visit" may have owed something to "Peter Wilkins" and something to "Galatia."

tion from data, of Edgar Allan Poe. "The Island of Dr. Moreau" shows that, even thus early, his disposition to satire was irresistible. Swift influenced him far more than Verne, but there was, perhaps, more of the unconscious Lucian about him than either. "The Invisible Man" extended the growing reputation a good deal, for it was a *tour-de-force* plain for all to see; in rigorous deduction and stark presentation clearly the work of a master of our vernacular. The author's alternate resources at this time were daring speculation in the field of invention and the reaction of startling novelty upon the conventional, conservative English type. The second resource is the staple of "The Wonderful Visit" and "The Sea Lady." Both are used with signal effect in "The Invisible Man." An author's power of realization is seldom seen to better advantage than in this scarifying story. How could an uneducated man do such work? The point is, of course, that Wells was not an uneducated man in the least. He was a peculiarly educated man. He left his small commercial academy at thirteen, with little Latin, no Greek, and the French of Bromley-in-Kent; but his mathematics were above those of a public school boy of his age. While expensively educated boys were spending their hours on words and games, he was intent, reading; and the examination results which took him to the Normal School of Science, after no more than a year as assistant at the Midhurst Grammar School, show a sound scientific education. The biology he got at the Normal School under Huxley was well beyond the contemporary University standard, and the diplomas he obtained for teaching from the College of Preceptors involved a considerable amount of reading in psychology and philosophy. The malignity that loves to turn upon the

pedagogue and call him uneducated is thus hopelessly misdirected here. The actuality that Wells manages to generate in his writing from this date is well shown in a passage from his next book:

"Now if you had noticed anything about him, it would have been chiefly to notice how little he was noticeable. He wore the black morning coat, the black tie, and the speckled gray nether parts (descending into shadow and mystery below the counter) of his craft. He was of a pallid complexion, hair of a kind of dirty fairness, grayish eyes, and a skimpy, immature moustache under his peaked indeterminate nose. His features were all small, but none ill-shaped. A rosette of pins decorated the lapel of his coat. His remarks, you would observe, were entirely what people used to call *cliché*, formulae not organic to the occasion, but stereotyped ages ago, and learnt years since by heart. 'This, madam,' he would say, 'is selling very well.' 'We are doing a very good article at four-three a yard.' 'We could show you something better, of course.' 'No trouble, madam, I assure you.' Such were the simple counters of his intercourse. So, I say, he would have presented himself to your superficial observation. He would have danced about behind the counter, have neatly refolded the goods he had shown you, have put on one side those you selected, extracted a little book with a carbon leaf, and a tin-foil sheet from a fixture, made you out a little bill in that weak flourishing hand peculiar to drapers, and have bawled 'Sayn!' Then a puffy little shopwalker would have come into view, looked at the bill for a second very hard (showing you a parting down the middle of his head meanwhile), have scribbled a still more flourishing J.M. all over the document, have asked you if there was nothing more, have stood by you—supposing that you were paying cash—until the central figure of this story reappeared with the change. One glance more at him—and the puffy little shop-walker

would have been bowing you out, with fountains of civilities at work all about you. And so the interview would have terminated."

There is, perhaps, mordant reminiscence here of the days when he was a shopman, when "Forward, Wells" was the cry, and Wells was discovered in the basement reading Herbert Spencer. When a man can write so forcibly as this his work affects one almost like a physical sensation; the shopwalker with the parting is by my side, I can feel his presence, I can hear the little draper crying: "Sayn. . . ." Such work postulates a good deal of muscular force and a kind of imaginative glow which ejects every foreign and irrelevant particle of speech, as it were, automatically. The higher concentration is thus effected. It needs first a certain massive force, then intense and potent vision, and, thirdly, an incisive and remorseless logic. Of practical wordmanship, of kinetic vocabulary, Mr. Wells has always been a master. He had, from an early date, a natural curiosity about such things as words and their order, together with the resolute will of a Franklin or a Cobbett, to manipulate such matters to his private and particular advantage. From an early date he began to distinguish things seen from things half-seen or merely glanced at, and to direct his course as a novelist accordingly. Note how cleverly he uses his first impressions of childhood in "First and Last Things" and "The New Machiavelli," and how he uses his brief sojourn in a chemist's shop, among the sale of quack patent medicines and little pills, in "Tonobungay." From an early date he began to study the physical conditions of good writing and the need of evading the sensation of drudgery (hence his elaborate nocturnal kit and teakettle for turning out when the thought besets him—not at the expense

of one of his host's servants like the remorseless Pope). Already he was deliberately holding himself in reserve as a novelist until he should have acquired more experience of life, and keeping the pot boiling—in the face of reiterated demands for "more sustained work"—by means of his scientific fantasies and problematic romances. "The Wheels of Chance," from which the foregoing passage was quoted, shows that the subject matter of the novelist was already fermenting within him. How tight a hold he kept upon himself is shown by the fact that while he was engaged upon "The Wheels of Chance," the human complication of Mr. Hoopdriver and a young lady in bloomers, Mr. Wells was writing "The War of the Worlds." The book began well, said the literary organ already referred to, but fell off sadly, missed grand opportunities and supplied lamentable evidence that its inventive author was tired or worked out—an opinion in which that critic is probably in a minority of one. Of all the romances that adorn the Wellsian panel, this and the "Invisible Man" will stand re-reading the most often. Far from showing exhaustion it shows new power blossoming in every direction. The topography which is used so cleverly in "The Invisible Man" is extended here from the West Central district of London to the South-Western suburbs. In the whole printed surface of the story there is hardly an inch of dead matter. The delineation of a type in the curate, the dialectic skill shown in the tirade of the artilleryman upon the new conditions under which humanity will have to live, show advance in flexibility. The racial sentiment of humanity is most artfully aroused against the Martians, and their extinction is brought about by a most ingenious and happily-contrived device which no one had been clever enough to foresee.

In the meantime Wells had incurred fresh denunciation as a new humorist by re-issuing "Certain Personal Matters," the *Pall Mall* Essays of the Eastbourne period for the most part (and remarkably characteristic they are), and had published in continuation of the *Bacillus* volume "The Plattner Story and Others" (1897). He was already becoming well known in France (through the translations of Henri Davray), and in America. In 1899 he published "When the Sleeper Wakes" and "Tales of Space and Time." The Utopist was already peeping out from behind the robes of the *Voyageur Imaginaire*, and in England, as a whole, Wells was becoming quite an institution in association with a particular brand of fantastic romance. When he began to write I was just ready for him, I and my generation. We shall appreciate him best; but he will like better to hear the silken flatteries of the new age. I therefore shall not flatter him.

Wells frequently massacres mankind at a great rate. The prospect in "When the Sleeper Wakes" is gloomier than we are accustomed to in his books. The race of 2200 is bisected into a small number of Roman equites of the time of Sulla and the slaves in the *ergastulum*. Plutocracy and capitalism, untempered by other tendencies, are envisaged from the point of a Socialist of the Lassalle type. There is much criticism of tendencies and methods. It was not until 1900 (putting "The Wheels of Chance" aside) that we really got our first sensation of Wells as a novelist proper—in "Love and Mr. Lewisham"—an autobiographical and satirical novel of the Midhurst and South Kensington period. It was written in 1898 and had appeared serially before it came out between covers. Some high-browed critics received it with withering scorn, and would have patted the au-

thor back to more *Veræ Historiæ*. Most of us were enamored with it, as we were afterwards with its true dream-children, "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly." We discerned in Mr. Lewisham a quivering, emotional quality, rare enough in the writing of that day, and of this.

But before going on to the Utopias and the Novels, I had better finish saying what remains to be said about the later inventions or imaginative romances, such as "The First Men in the Moon," "The Sea Lady," "In the Days of the Comet," "The Food of the Gods," and "The War in the Air." The first of these is the one that interests me least of all, and it is the most like Jules Verne. "The Sea Lady," on the other hand, is very distinctive. It was written upon Wells's arrival at Sandgate, his building of Spade House, and the first delight in the snugness of the situation, the privacy of the beach, the charm of the evergreen oaks. It has more levity, more persiflage, light comedy and perhaps subtlety, than any other of his books. It was the outcome of a happy moment. The dialogue is sparkling, and many of the verbal hits palpable. Here is the password of journalism. "Stuff that the public won't believe aren't facts. Being true only makes them worse. They buy our paper to swallow it, and it's got to go down easy." "Imagine a great fat creature whacking a little white ball for miles and miles with a perfect surgery of instruments, whacking it either with a babyish solemnity, or a childish rage, as luck may have decided, whacking away while his country goes to the devil, and, incidentally, training an innocent-eyed little boy to swear and be a tip-hunting loafer. That's golf!" Miss Waters is great in herself, a great advance upon the Wonderful Visitant of 1896, and, in fact, is a suggestively elusive and semi-symbolical creation—unique, perhaps,

in this author's repertory. One is quite angry with Parker for that "superior" uncommunicativeness which disabled the author from telling us more about the Sea Lady, whose stocking she so scrupulously marked.

"In the Days of the Comet" was moulded in the pacifist interest to show how danger from the Comet and danger from Germany coinciding neutralized each other in some mysterious way, and engendered the "great change" to ways of harmony, ecumenical peace and concord. The interested activity of a War Paper, satirized as *The Yell*, furnishes an opening for a wonderful sardonic picture of the modern Press. There seems to me no falling off in interest, vigor or instructiveness in these later romances. In the natural course of their evolution they become more and more reflective. The author expands by an easy transition into a utopist. Then, throwing aside his cosmoramas, his visions and his anticipations, he contracts, and we get the satirical novel of to-day. "The Food of the Gods" supplies material for a fine satire on the Lilliputian race of men, and ends with a fine tirade against their limitations. G. K. C. calls it a tale of Jack the Giant-Killer from the point of view of the Giant. "The War in the Air" is a striking *reductio ad absurdum* of the Cyclopean armament mania of the twentieth century. Wells's satire on the inveterate complacency of man standing on the knife-edge of credit and capital, in a planless world, teeming with quarter-educated populations, bristling with inherited spites and interlocked gun-barrels, is specially directed against the colossal optimism of the Inter-Jubilee era (1887-1897) and the Imperial self-satisfaction of which Kipling was regarded as the Major Prophet.*

* For estimate of Kipling by "H. G." see "New LIVING AGE VOL. LXIV. 3354

"The accidental balance on the side of Progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the people of that time suspected. . . . They did not realize that this age of relative good fortune was an age of immense but temporary opportunity for their kind. They complacently assumed a necessary progress towards which they had no moral responsibility. They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost, and that the time to win it was a time that passed. They went about their affairs energetically enough, and yet with a curious idleness towards those threatening things. No one troubled over the real dangers of mankind. They saw their armies and navies grow larger and more pretentious; some of their ironclads at the last cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education; they accumulated explosives and the machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to accumulate; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of an evil-spirited Press, mercenary and unscrupulous, incapable of good and powerful for evil. Their State had practically no control over the Press at all. Quite heedlessly they allowed this touch-paper to lie at the door of their war magazine for any spark to fire. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations—the dangers of the time were manifest. One is incredulous now to believe they could not see."

We have to remember that "The War in the Air" was written before anyone had flown a yard.

After considering all these reactions of Society against one disturbing force or another, Wells goes on, in a series of imaginary created worlds of his

Machiavelli." Wells realizes to-day for us by the vivid picturing of yesterday, in which he is unexcelled.

own, to anticipate the future and to correct the present. He was always a social critic and reformer, but in "Anticipations," "The Discovery of the Future," "A Modern Utopia," "New Worlds for Old," and "The Future in America," he would proceed by direct inculcation in lieu of innuendo. He finds a world strangely incoherent, deficient in intellectual energy, believing vaguely in a superior providence, impeded in every direction by every kind of old traditional lumber, debris and broken-down cogwork, which threatens to throw the whole machine out of gear. He says, "let's plan our future, and at all costs get our best men on the upper deck. We must get rid of the dead weight and the muddle. There is a kind of demi-god imprisoned in man. By earnest thought of the future alone shall we ever manage to release him. The world is heavy with the promise of greater and, let us hope, better things. The past is but the beginning of a beginning; we are watching the twilight of the dawn. In "First and Last Things" he reveals to us his Agnosticism tempered by Pragmatism, which had already begun to take shape in 1901-2. He has a notion of creating a caste of Samurai or voluntary nobles, submitting to a peculiar discipline, wearing a distinctive dress, having a bible of their own, selected from the inspiring literature of all ages, spending at least a week of every year in absolute solitude in the wilderness, as a sort of spiritual retreat and restorative of self-reliance.

Of the four main classes of human beings, the original or *creative*, the *kinetic* or active business class, the *dull*, or people who never seem to learn thoroughly, see or hear distinctly or think clearly, the base, or those deficient in moral sense, the Samurai are selected from the first two only, and almost exclusively from the first.

The conception is a far-reaching combination of Puritanism and Bushido, Cromwell and Hideyoshi, Fourier and St. Francis, Plato's philosophers ruling the republic, Cecil Rhodes' secret order of millionaires ruling the world, of More's "Utopia" and Bacon's "New Atlantis." The Utopias proper, which extend to almost every phase and form of human activity, are confined mainly to the middle period of Wells's intellectual growth. The prophetic habit, however, had grown upon him, and when he visited the United States in the Spring of 1906 he cast his observations into the form of a Forecast. This was generous, statesmanlike, and fairly sanguine as a whole. Two things chiefly alarmed him. One was the extension of race-prejudice, the tragedy of color, the repression of the negroid. The second was the indifference of the authorities to child-labor.

"One little thing set me questioning. I had been one Sunday night down town, supping and talking with Mr. Abraham Cahan about 'East Side,' that strange city within a city, which has a drama of its own and a literature and a Press, and about Russia and her problem, and I was returning on the subway about two o'clock in the morning. I became aware of a little lad sitting opposite me, a childish faced, delicate little creature of eleven years old or thereabouts, wearing the uniform of a boy messenger. He drooped with fatigue, roused himself with a start, edged from his seat with a sigh, stepped off the car and was vanishing upstairs into the electric glare of Astor Place as the train ran out of the station.

"'What on earth,' said I, 'is that baby doing abroad at this time of night?' For me this weary little wretch became the irritant centre of a painful region of enquiry. 'How many hours a day may a child work in New York?' I began to ask people, 'and when may a boy leave school?' I had blundered, I found, upon the weakest spot in America's fine front of national

well-being. My eyes were opened to the childish newsboys who sold me papers, and the little bootblacks at the street corners. Nocturnal child employment is a social abomination. I gathered stories of juvenile vice, of lads of nine and ten suffering from terrible diseases, of the contingent sent out of the ranks of these messengers to the hospitals and jails. I began to realize another aspect of that great theory of the liberty of property and the subordination of the State to business, upon which American institutions are based. That theory has no regard for children. Indeed, it is a theory that disregards women and children, the cardinal facts of life, altogether. They are in America *private things*." . . .

When he came back from America, he gave up Spade House and settled at Church Row, Hampstead—so far as he can ever be said to settle anywhere. There, and at the Rectory, Little Easton, Essex, he has written three of his later and bigger novels—"The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends"; "Tono-Bungay," and "Ann Veronica," having been written at Sandgate. These novels are of the old English, heterogeneous type, and combine with the old elements of satire, criticism, and Utopian looking forward, a new sense of the futility and meaningless effort of the individual who plans, thinks and wills in contravention of the vast inertia of popular convention and social prejudice, but, above all, against the interior impulsion of blind impulses, the inevitable overthrow of the individual ideal when pitted against the unreasonable but omnipotent appetites of sex. In "Love and Mr. Lewisham" we have the complete defeat of the Will, in "Ann" the difficulty is circumvented a little. In "The New Machiavelli" the career of a forceful political leader is wrecked on this Parnellite and Dilkeite reef. In the earlier "Tono" the "fleshly" motif is combined with a

satirical romance of commerce, with a sort of camera obscura presentation of late Victorian England—the England consecrated by the plaudits of the whole world a quarter of a century back. The best critics of England have examined these books too recently for us to dilate upon them here, also the best critics of France, including Firmin Roz and Chevrillon (Taine's nephew), who says, à propos of "Tono," "Let us come back to Wells—Wells, who is almost as famous in England as he is in France."

III.

(As an artist, and more particularly as a writer, Wells has an almost unequal power of vivid reproduction of those things which he has seen and experienced. His vision is remorseless—his descriptive power unflinching. He has invention in the highest measure, and unlimited ingenuity.) As a recorder of his own impressions he is vivid to an extraordinary degree. He catches and renders the superficial aspects of things with amazing, illusive positiveness. At his best he gives an illusion of concrete reality to all readers not more imaginative than himself. And these are very few. One result of this power is that his foregrounds are frequently almost ridiculously clear. He has a rich vein of humor which, in some of his books, pervades the whole of the canvas. There is a playful humor in "The Wonderful Visit," and "The Wheels of Chance." The tramp annexed by the "Invisible Man" is a humorous creation of signal originality. The sophisticated medium, Chaffery, in "Mr. Lewisham" is another delightful, humorous conception. A lambent humor plays all over the "Sea Lady." In some of his novels, however, especially "Ann Veronica," "Marriage," and "The Passionate Friends," and even in "Klippo," the prophetic element in the author

takes its revenge upon the artist by pumping all the humor out of the story a good while before the descent of the curtain. There is subtle humor in the contrast of character and pretension between the clear-minded abstract thinker, Cavor, and the pseudo-practical blunderer, Bedford, in "The First Men in the Moon." The drollery of "Mr. Polly" is delightful, especially to newcomers; those who know their "H. G." really well recognize some elements in it which have done duty before. The delights of his sympathetic humor are seen at their best in the first three quarters of "Kipps."

Wells also has considerable dramatic force and the endowments enumerated, added to his very considerable powers of characterization (above all humorous characterization such as that of Mrs. Ponderevo, or the Grand Dudgeon, i.e. Mr. Pope in "Marriage"), ought manifestly to constitute Mr. Wells one of the novelists of all time. Unfortunately, his pre-occupation with social philosophy inevitably forces most of his best fiction into the same category with that of George Eliot, and Henry Bordeaux—that of the problem novel, or the novel with a purpose. Peacockian eccentricities are just permissible in novels, in strict moderation; but philosophies in petticoats and trousers are impossible. Many of Mr. Wells's characters tend to become talking machines with taps labelled "H.G. January 1914," "H. G. February 1914," and so on illimitably. Talk about the confessional! There never was such a deponent as Mr. Wells. He feels it incumbent upon him to put on permanent record every successive change, phase, and nuance of his ever shifting conscience. In most of his later novels Mr. Wells is reacting against his earlier Utopianism. At one moment he is occupied with a vision of the world under the heel of cap-

italism ("Sleepers Wake"), at another he is bent on showing that a logical ordering of human affairs is really a simple undertaking, a matter of logic and will ("New Worlds" and "A Modern Utopia"); and yet, observe that in both these last books he suggests that it is not a matter of logic and will either; but that what is wanted is nothing less than a change of heart. Again, he explores the limits of independence in woman in "Ann Veronica," or finds the crux of the whole difficulty in the relations of the sexes ("New Machiavelli," "Passionate Friends") or in the ultra-rigidity of the conjugal tie (*passim*). In the last-named novel he seems impaled on the horns of Daudet's dilemma in "Sapho." Man cannot rise without woman, yet she must ever be pulling him down. Hard to decide what he wants in this matter; he seems implacable; yet surely he would not be futurist enough to vote for the sexless Martian fashion of budding out. Labrador can hardly be accepted as a serious solution of the problem. But the more we read of Wells, the more we are confronted (as in "Tono-Bungay") with the enormous confusion and logical incoherency of the ordering of society. The questions are the old ones, the immemorial ones, it is the solutions that vary from hour to hour. Why does this author persist in throwing his philosophical disquisitions into the form of romance? Partly because of his natural tendency towards artistic creation. No doubt; but that is not all. It is also because he wants to present things, at the same moment, from different points of view—he wants to present views that are inconsistent—to give the other side a show, whether he believes in it or not. If a man writes a philosophical treatise, he must conclude something in some way or another; in a novel he is not bound to conclude anything

—save the novel he is writing. Wells is an exponent of the (characteristic and significant) radically undogmatic thought of the later nineteenth century. What can this in any logical or definite sense lead to? G. K. Chesterton, who invariably cheers and applauds Wells, imagines (I believe) that it will end in the October Club, "H. G." a True Blue, a High Flyer and a devout Catholic! A precedent condition of this is often atheism. Now, one finds in Wells a continuous slight shifting of the point of view—a continuous change of outlook—a series of progressive views and suggestions rather than a view; and the movement of his mind, so difficult to define, is accompanied by a constant undercurrent of scepticism, pure and simple.

This negative result is accompanied by a method extraordinarily stimulating to many minds of our generation. And Wells has not released himself yet. It may be questioned whether he has risen to the full height of his power. He has an untameable force which should be a great asset to a country such as ours. The writing here never eclipses and effaces the writer (like "John Inglesant"). He is not dominated by a book or books. His character is one of concentrated power and force of will. His eyes glow at times with something of the black wickedness of Burns; but they are surmounted by brows like walls of granite. Massive and granitic indeed is the upper part

The Bookman.

of the head, the lower part mobile, mischievous, beguiling. And the brain and will are encased in a splendid physique, enduring, flexible, active to a marvellous degree—as I found to my cost at Pont de l'Arche once when playing in the games that he invents and organizes for his children and guests. Inventor, Demonstrator, Author and Fictionist of the first water, as Wells has shown himself, he has in excess of these qualities an unsuspected fund of sheer executive power. My proximate destination for him is that of Purveyor of Ideas, Inspirer and *Animatore* to the Conservative Forces of to-day, or rather, I would say, to the Tory Sociocrats of the Future. At present, the architects of this stripe not merely lack ideas, but are impervious to them to such an extent that some intermediary would be necessary, unless indeed by some happy stroke Mr. Balfour could be restored to the Suprema of the party. Directly or indirectly, party or non-party, Mr. Wells has ideas that the country wants. His utterance stimulates and brings before the many ideas which are pertinent and new to them. And he has certainly grown quite enough of an opportunist to have become a practical politician. I do not think I can have flattered (and trust sincerely I have not offended) "H. G." unduly. The one thing I have *not* done and can never do is to express the gratitude that I and my generation feel we owe him.

Thomas Seccombe.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER III.

The worst time came just before Priscilla left school, when her parents took to the poultry. Taking to the

poultry at Daneswick did not mean rearing ducks and chickens, but buying them from the farms and preparing them for table and selling them

where they could at a profit of three-pence or fourpence each. To fetch the birds from all points of the compass and then to hawk them round, Sam Day had to have a little donkey cart: the donkey had to be fed whether trade was brisk or slow, and occasionally the cart, a second-hand one, had to be repaired; so the profits even in summer were small, while in early spring, when poultry was scarce and dear, they often dropped to nothing. Besides, it put work on Mrs. Day that was fatiguing, unhealthy and badly paid. She had to pluck and truss the birds for market, and the only place she could do it in was a damp and badly lighted garden shed. Here the poor woman sat all day and sometimes late into the night, surrounded by fluff and feathers, cramped and weary, often cross, but driven to fag on because she knew no other way of making money, and at the same time staying at home to see to her husband and child's comfort. Mrs. Day did not like trusting Sam and Priscilla to make a cup of tea for themselves, and as she had always waited on them hand and foot, they were not fit to be trusted.

The poultry had not been Sam's idea, but had been suggested and managed by Miss Parker. She was the Vicar's sister and kept house for him. She also acted as his curate in all ways allowed by the Church, and she was uniformly disliked in the parish because she was officious and inconsiderate. Mrs. Day could not abide her and never let her into the cottage if she could help it. But last winter in six months Sam had only earned seven pounds and if Mrs. Day had not gone out charring they could not have kept themselves off the rates. It had been a nightmare winter of gloom, chill and short commons. When Mrs. Day went out everything seemed to go wrong at home, and hateful as the plucking was,

she could do it near her own hearth. So when Miss Parker said to Sam that there was an unexplored gold mine in poultry, that she could sell him a donkey and knew of a cart, and that he could pay for both in instalments, he was easily persuaded. That very day he had left the saucepan on the fire till the potatoes were burnt and the saucepan too. He and Priscilla had dined on bread, and when Mrs. Day came back from a day's spring cleaning, instead of pitying them, she had boxed Priscilla's ears, and told him he was good for nothing but to waste what she earned. That was neither fair nor amiable; but when a woman has worked till every bone in her body aches and finds that while she has worked her man has wasted, she doesn't feel amiable. The wolf at the door tries the best of tempers. However, such outbursts were rare in this household, and after talking it over, the husband and wife agreed to accept Miss Parker's proposal, which would have the merit of keeping Mrs. Day at home and which could at the worst be given up again. Sam liked the idea of earning his bread by sitting in his own cart, but his wife told him that riding about in all weathers would give him the rheumatics and that plucking chickens in that shed would be the death of her. Still there seemed to be no alternative. The price of the donkey and cart hung round their necks for months and worried their dreams, but before Christmas it had been paid off. By that time, however, the gold mine looked more and more illusory. Mrs. Day foresaw lean months after Christmas, when spring chickens were not ready, and old ones scarce and unmarketable.

"The donkey'll have to be fed all the same," she said to Miss Parker, when that lady popped in one day to ask for a subscription and was told that the gold mine had not yielded much.

"Can't you feed the donkey on scraps?" said Miss Parker. She was old enough to know better: a woman of sixty, perhaps, who trudged up and down the parish in short skirts and clumsy boots popping in on people who did not want her, always sure that those she instructed were fools and not infrequently making a fool of herself. She was capable of advising a skilled farmer about his crops, having culled her own knowledge that morning from the odd paragraphs in a half-penny paper.

"We don't have any scraps," said Mrs. Day.

"Oh, nonsense! You must have potato peelings and bits of bread and dripping and bones. Did you know that an English family throws away what a French family feeds on?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Day. In her opinion Miss Parker was not "gentry," and sometimes she showed her opinion in her manner. There was not food for a mouse thrown away in that cottage. Every loaf was finished to the last crumb; they ate their potatoes, coats and all; they had no dripping when they had no meat. Any they could get they spread on bread and liked it better than margarine. Butter they did not buy, and bacon this winter was dearer than beef.

"I found Mrs. Spiller feeding the baby on tinned lobster just now," Miss Parker went on. "I should have thought you might have given her the benefit of your experience sometimes and told her it would upset a child of that age. You were a nurse, weren't you?"

"I was in the nursery for fifteen years."

"At Morne Castle part of the time?"

"Yes, m'm."

Mrs. Day sat in the shed plucking a turkey and Miss Parker sat on a packing-case outside. It was a mild December day, but even on a mild

day the shed was damp and chilly. It looked full of birds and feathers just now, for a large Christmas order had come in from a Daneswick poulterer and Mrs. Day had been plucking the birds all yesterday, half through the night and again since early morning. She was tired, dazed, cramped, and she wished Miss Parker would go. She was conscious that the shed was in a horrible mess, and that she herself looked like a sloven, for she could only do this work in an old collarless blouse and coarse Hessian apron kept for the purpose, and to keep the feathers out of her hair she had tied a red handkerchief over her head.

"I am sure this shed ought to be swept out sometimes," said Miss Parker. "It must be insanitary. Has the inspector been round?"

"I haven't seen him," said Mrs. Day.

"I suppose you do sweep it out occasionally?"

Mrs. Day did not answer, but began to truss her turkey neatly and quickly. She was affronted by Miss Parker's question, for as far as possible her husband and she between them kept the shed clean. The feathers heaped up in it now were not two days old.

"To return to the question of food," said Miss Parker, who had met Mrs. Day's silent moods before and resented them: "whenever I pop in next door there seems to be a meal going on and a tin of fish or fruit on the table. When you reckon up what that costs per week, it is appalling. I suppose you live in much the same way, or don't you?"

Mrs. Day pushed a skewer vindictively through her turkey and said nothing.

"I certainly could not afford it myself," soliloquized Miss Parker, whose manner was growing acid. "By the look of Mrs. Spiller's dust-heap, I should say that you could easily feed the donkey on what they throw away.

I don't know exactly what a donkey eats, because at the Rectory the groom fed him, but they can't be particular or poor people wouldn't keep them. You ought to arrange with Mrs. Spiller and give her something in return. Why shouldn't Priscilla look after the children sometimes? It would be a relief to poor Mrs. Spiller and get Priscilla used to being with children. I suppose you mean her to go into service?"

"I have not decided yet what to do with Priscilla, but she won't go near the Spillers," said Mrs. Day.

Miss Parker rose from her packing-case and gathered up her basket and umbrella.

"I wish I could persuade our cottagers to be more neighborly," she said. "My brother preaches to them every Sunday about Christian charity, but they forget it in the week."

"There wouldn't be much charity about giving the donkey Mrs. Spiller's pail," said Mrs. Day tersely. "If it's at the back, we have to shut our bedroom window. But the beast 'ud have more sense—"

She did not finish her sentence, because Miss Parker interrupted her with a stiff good-morning, and told her brother when she got home that you wanted the patience of a saint to deal with the lower classes, they were so ungrateful, dirty and extravagant. The Vicar, who had the patience of a saint with his sister, asked where she had been and annoyed her by refusing to lump the Spillers and the Days together.

"One family is a scandal to the parish, and the other family any parish might be glad to have. The Days are very poor now, but they are thrifty and respectable," said the Vicar.

"When people are poor it is their own fault," said Miss Parker, who had never earned a penny. "It is always either extravagance or drink."

The Vicar did not argue with his sister. You might as well argue with a monument as with a woman who has the narrowest possible experience of life and no modesty of judgment. But as his boys were expected home for Christmas, and she complained that the maids would be overworked, he suggested that perhaps Mrs. Day would come in and help them. Miss Parker said that what the maids wanted was a little help for an hour or two in the morning, and that she thought Priscilla might be taught to make herself useful. Mrs. Day was such a large woman and the Rectory kitchen was not large. Besides, last time Mrs. Day came for a day's work when White was out she had cleaned the kitchen so thoroughly that White considered it a slur on herself, and took offence. Didn't the Vicar remember?

The Vicar didn't remember, but he told his sister to do as she pleased; so next day Miss Parker popped into the Days' garden again, and again found Mrs. Day plucking poultry in the shed. But it was windy, the feathers were blowing about, and Mrs. Day put down the bird she had in her hands, took off her coarse apron and invited her visitor into the cottage. The poor woman was not well. Privation, anxiety and the long hours in the shed were telling on her, and she was suffering from asthma and rheumatism. She looked more than her age; she breathed heavily and her stiff joints affected her movement.

"Meat is the worst thing for rheumatism," said Miss Parker, looking round the cottage to see if all was as it should be. "All the modern doctors say so. You should avoid meat."

Mrs. Day offered Miss Parker the only comfortable chair in the cottage and sat down heavily herself.

"You should avoid meat," repeated Miss Parker.

"I do," said Mrs. Day dryly.

Miss Parker sniffed incredulously. There was an appetizing smell in the room, because Mrs. Day was making a poor man's stew of potatoes and one or two onions, and a scrap of bacon that would go on Sam's plate. Its potatoes and onions with a bit of bread would be dinner enough for Priscilla and her, and a better one than they had had since Sunday.

"I have come to speak to you about Priscilla," said Miss Parker.

"What has Priscilla been doing?"

"I mean that the Vicar takes an interest in her—not a special interest, naturally—but as one of his parishioners."

It was absurd, but Miss Parker often found herself embarrassed by Mrs. Day, in whom she found nothing but an untidy, starved old woman.

"Priscilla leaves school this Christmas," said Mrs. Day.

"Does she? At any rate the holidays commence next week, and it is just as well that she should not idle about at home. Children get into bad ways so easily."

"Does the Vicar expect the young gentlemen this Christmas?" inquired Mrs. Day civilly.

"Yes; and they are bringing friends with them; so we shall be busy. How old is Priscilla?"

"Fourteen."

"Then it's time she went out. The sooner a girl begins the better. She can't learn anything here, you know."

"She has learnt what I can teach her."

"But, my good woman, what can you teach her? Nothing that will be of any use to her in a gentleman's house."

"I should be sorry to think of gentlemen's houses in such a way," said Mrs. Day. "I've taught Priscilla to be clean and tidy and keep those commandments that concern a child. She is truthful too, and kind to animals,

and minds her own business, three things the commandments leave out and we have put in."

"My brother the Vicar——" began Miss Parker, looking rather scandalized by Mrs. Day's allusions to the commandments. It seemed impertinent for a cottager to quote Scripture to one so near the cloth as herself. But, after all, she had nothing to say just then about her brother the Vicar, so she started again.

"Priscilla ought to go into a gentleman's house at once and learn to speak and behave properly," she said, "I often see her flying about the common with a scarlet cap and a mop of hair——"

"Priscilla has a fine head of hair, and I've no fault to find with her manners as a rule," said Mrs. Day. "Of course all children——"

She stopped short, because unfortunately Priscilla arrived from school just then, and did not behave as a model child should. She flung through the gate, dashed across the garden and, before she saw Miss Parker, called out that she wanted her dinner and hoped it would be a hot one. When she discovered her mother's visitor, she stood still awkwardly and looked shy and silly as a flapper will, even when she has had more social chances than Priscilla. But she looked uncommonly pretty too, in spite of her odds and ends of clothes: a faded serge skirt, a shabby old black coat and the weather-beaten red cap on her dark curly hair.

"Priscilla!" said Mrs. Day warningly, and Priscilla made the little curtsy children in that neighborhood were taught to make.

"Well, Priscilla!" said Miss Parker. "What a big girl you are! It's time you thought of earning your dinner, and being a help to your kind parents, I'm sure."

Priscilla stood rooted to the ground,

still shy, and still silly. Mrs. Day did not speak.

"I want a little extra help in the kitchen over the holidays," said Miss Parker. "If you'll send Priscilla every morning at seven, Mrs. Day, I'll give her her breakfast and eighteenpence a week."

"Oh, mother, do let me go," exclaimed Priscilla. Eighteenpence a week sounded immense to a child who of late years hardly ever had a penny; and she did not stop to consider what would be exacted of her in return.

"It would be a start," said Mrs. Day, without any excess of gratitude in her tone. She knew better than Priscilla what may be put on a little morning drudge in a kitchen if the mistress of the house is inconsiderate and ignorant of what it is her business to understand. Also, she knew the Vicarage servants by sight, and reputation, and did not like them.

"She must have tidy aprons and shoes," said Miss Parker. "I can't have her creaking about in boots. You must consider what a charity it is to employ a girl straight from a cottage home. They are more hindrance than help for a long time, and they are so destructive."

"What will Priscilla's duties be?" asked Mrs. Day.

"Oh, just to help where she is wanted. White and Jackson will tell her what to do. Of course she'll have the boots and knives. Is she used to a knife machine?"

"She has never seen one."

"Then she must be careful at first. The last girl ruined some of our knives."

"What is a knife machine?" asked Priscilla, when Miss Parker had gone: and Mrs. Day explained the working of one while she plucked her turkey.

CHAPTER IV.

In spite of their poverty, Priscilla had been brought up with care and

tenderness. Whenever the elder sisters came home, they complained that she was spoiled, and it was true that Mrs. Day did all the rough work of the cottage herself. From a sense of duty she had taught Priscilla how to turn out a room and clean boots and knives, but like most workers, she found it easier to do the thing herself than to teach others how it should be done. Lately she had troubled about Priscilla's start in life, because she wanted her to do better than Gertie and Lily, who were always changing. She had lost touch with the great family she had served years ago, and did not even know which of them were alive. Since her husband's bankruptcy and their removal to Tinker's Green, she had lost touch with most of her friends, and she never walked across the common to Daneswick now. She did not think the start as morning girl at the Vicarage a good one, but it was better than beginning as a drudge in a lodging-house, or a tradesman's family, and Mrs. Day knew that gentry do not usually employ children of fourteen. So one winter morning through wind and snow Priscilla set off across the common, looking rather small and cold and frightened. She wore new, creaky boots, and she carried a clean linen apron and a coarse Hesslan one to put over it. The thought of having eighteenpence at the end of the week sustained her. She would have to give it to her mother of course, but Mrs. Day had promised that she should have twopence back again to spend as she pleased.

Priscilla had been in the Vicarage kitchen once or twice, and knew White the cook, and Jackson the housemaid slightly. They had always been high and mighty with her, and she did not expect them to be agreeable now. White was a gaunt, crookedly built woman with the temper of a shrew; Jackson had a snub nose, was inclined

to stoutness and looked stupid and conceited. When Priscilla knocked at the back door no one answered, and when she opened it she saw no one either in the scullery or the kitchen. However, she went in, took off her hat and jacket, and put on her linen apron. As she was fastening it White appeared, carrying one of those heavy round gipsy coal scuttles that are cheap to buy, but killing to carry when full.

"Oh! you're come!" she flung sulkily at Priscilla. "Fill this and carry it into the dining-room, and then fill both the kitchen ones, and then do the boots and get a move on you. Miss Jackson'll want that lot o' boots with 'er 'ot water."

Priscilla looked at the scuttles and looked at the pile of muddy boots. In the first hour of bondage her heart sank, and her spirit failed her: but needs must: so, finding the empty scuttle nearly enough for her small strength, she took it from the cook and asked where the coal was kept.

"In the coal-cellar," said White shortly, and pointed to a door close to Priscilla. Then she disappeared again. She had to bustle about to get the dining-room and hall swept, fires lighted, and breakfast ready for ten people by half-past eight; for during the holidays there were seven in the dining-room, and for breakfast three in the kitchen.

Priscilla found that the coal-cellar was heaped high with coal and kept in bounds by rough bars of wood across the doorway. She stared up at it and down at the empty scuttle. If you have never tried to get coal out of a heaped-up cellar you will not understand how helpless she felt. There were huge blocks that needed splitting, and there was small dusty stuff that would not be coaxed into a shovel. She stood on a chair and tried, but did not fill the shovel that

way. Then she managed to pick out some smaller lumps, balance them on the shovel and get off the chair again. It took some time, but at last the scuttle was full, and she tried to lift it. She found she could not, so she fetched one of the kitchen scuttles and unloaded into that.

"Are you *never* coming with that coal?" White sang out across the hall, so Priscilla lifted it with both hands and bumped across the kitchen with it as best she could.

"Hurry up," cried the cook, "my wood's alight."

Priscilla tried to hurry under a load that bent her double, and got to the dining-room door in safety, but not beyond it. Whether she tripped over a mat, or whether the scuttle pulled her maleficiently with it, she could not say, but she fell, and the scuttle fell too, rolling lumps of coal upon the carpet. Hastily she picked herself up, very sorry for herself, because she had barked her knee against the sharp edges of the scuttle, and it hurt her. The cook, hearing the noise, turned from the chimney-piece. She was dusting, saw her clean-swept carpet strewn with coal, and before she spoke boxed Priscilla's ears. Then she scolded volubly, and Priscilla, overcome by pain and desolation, began to cry. The noise they made drew Jackson from the study, broom in hand.

"Hullo!" she said, when she saw the coal on the floor, but she was more good natured than White, and she knelt on the floor with Priscilla and helped her pick it up.

"What's the good of a kid like this?" she said, looking up at the cook. "Look at her skinny little arms. Why didn't she give us good 'elp while she was about it?"

"That's what I'll arsk 'er presently," said White, and then turned to Priscilla. "Get along and clean the boots now," she said.

Priscilla got along, still sobbing in a passion of misery and resentment. Never in her small life had she hurt herself without receiving help and pity. Her knee was rather badly grazed and pained her, the shock of her fall had left her weak and tremulous. She was so much a petted baby still that she wanted her mother to comfort her, and when she saw the scullery door she was tempted to run home. But the child, though she had been indulged, had grit in her. Besides, she knew that, though her mother was kind and tender, she was determined too, and would not give way readily. If she ran home now she might be sent back again, and that would be mortifying. She looked at the pile of boots she was told to clean, and began on the first one. But it was mid-winter, the soil around Daneswick was heavy, and the Vicar with his two sons and their friends had taken a long walk the day before. Priscilla saw ten large boots as heavily caked with mud as her father's were when he came back from a day's work: and her father always cleaned his own. She knew that you must be careful not to cut boots, so she did not take a knife to them, but she had often seen her mother sponge off the worst of the mud before it dried. She saw a greasy black rag hanging on the top of the sink, and thought it was probably used for this purpose; for you must remember that in Mrs. Day's cottage, small and poor as it was, Priscilla had seen cleanly ways. So she took the rag, turned on a dribble of hot water and tried to wash the mud off the boots. The sink was soon as dirty as a gutter, but she persevered until a heavy hand pulled her roughly away and inquired of the little devil what she was doing.

Priscilla faced her, too much shocked to be afraid.

"You swore," she said.

"I'll swear again in a minnit," said the cook. "How dare you touch my dishcloth?"

"How could I know?" said Priscilla. "It was black."

The cook gasped and inquired whether white satin was used for dishcloths at Tinker's Green. Into the argument came Jackson, demanding dry, polished boots to take up with hot water.

"There's not one pair ready," said the cook. "They'll 'ave to wait till after breakfast. Be quick down again, Jacky."

When Jacky came down again Priscilla was told to wash her hands and come in to breakfast. For the kitchen nothing was provided but cheap tea and bread and butter, and the servants would not have been human if they had not desired some of the bacon sizzling in a big frying-pan.

"Give us a bit, old girl," Jacky said to the cook. "I don't fancy my breakfast without a relish."

"No more don't I," said White; "but you know her last game. She buys it cut and counts the slices."

"She would," said Jacky; "but some might be long and some short."

The cook shook her head doubtfully, but got up and cut off a little from some of the slices in the pan. Most of this she put on Jacky's plate and her own, but she gave Priscilla a scrap that made the hungry child wish ravenously for more. However, she had as much thick bread and scrape as she wanted and went back to her boot-cleaning refreshed. When she had done all the black ones, her arms ached as they had never ached before, but there were still brown shoes belonging to Miss Parker and her niece. Priscilla knew better than to touch brown shoes with black brushes, but though she looked everywhere she could see no other brushes and no brown cream. As she heard Miss

Parker's voice in the kitchen, she felt shy about intruding there and spent some time filling the empty scuttles she had been told to fill. Then, as she knew she ought not to stand idle, she innocently opened the kitchen door and looked in. Miss Parker and White stood near the table, a half-eaten leg of mutton between them, and if Priscilla had looked in on a Cabinet Council she could hardly have been received with a chillier stare.

"Can I have a brush for the brown boots, please?" she said to White.

"The brush is where it always is," answered White ill-temperedly, and turning to her mistress she said that it was nearly ten o'clock, the boots were not done yet, and how the work was to be got through she did not know.

"What have you been doing ever since breakfast?" said Miss Parker to Priscilla.

"Filling scuttles and cleanin' boots, ma'am," said Priscilla.

"You must have dawdled," said Miss Parker sharply. "I expect the boots to be done before breakfast." Then she turned to White and said: "A boy would have got through the work better."

"I can't set a boy to clean my kitchen," said White crossly, "and I've no time myself with so much goin' on. I've only one pair of 'ands."

Miss Parker retreated as quickly as possible. She always did when White mentioned that she only had one pair of 'ands. She could not contradict it. She could only supply her with another pair as cheaply as possible, and this she had done. It was White's business to make the extra pair useful. This White did, until the early dinner was ready, when she sent Priscilla home hungry and more tired than she had ever been before. Besides cleaning the boots and knives, and filling the scuttles, she had cleaned the

kitchen and the scullery, on her knees most of the time, and discovered that on a bitter winter day the draughts on the floor chill a poorly clad little girl till her teeth chatter. When she went home and told her mother how she had fared, she expected to hear that she need not go again. But whatever Mrs. Day thought, she only said that Priscilla would soon get used to the work and do it quicker and better.

"Shall I have to work like that always—till I die?" asked Priscilla, casting her mind into the future, as a child of her age will for a moment, appalled, whether she is rich or poor, by the shadows the facts of life cast across it.

"There are worse things than work," said Mrs. Day evasively, trying as unselfish age will not to throw the blight of its own failure over the budding confidence of youth.

"What things?"

"Illness—death—shame. . . . Better die of work than of laziness—or drink."

Priscilla was having a little rest. She had eaten an agreeable amount of potatoes and fried onions for her dinner, and was now enjoying a desert of bread and treacle. She sat just inside the shed where her mother was plucking, and she had to hold her hand over her bit of bread and treacle to prevent the little bits of down and flying feathers from settling on it.

"What shall we have for our Christmas dinner, mother?" she asked.

"Whatever we can get."

"Why can't we have one of those turkeys?"

"Because we are too poor to pay for it."

"But dad has paid for them."

"He's got to get his money back on them and a bit more. You're old enough not to talk so silly, Priscilla."

"Seems to me some have the turkeys

and some have the feathers," said Priscilla.

Mrs. Day went on plucking and made no reply. The child had come back from her first morning's work white and trembling with the fatigue of it, and had hardly spoken till some food revived her. Then she had chattered as a child will about the spilt coal and the muddy boots and the bits of bacon unlawfully snatched from the pan. Mrs. Day had listened, had noted the marks of tears on Priscilla's cheeks, had rebuked her for the extreme dirtiness of her apron and had wished she could say the child should not go again to-morrow. But she knew that a recommendation from a vicarage has a hall-mark of its own, and that if Priscilla served there even for a short time, she would get other work without much difficulty, provided Miss Parker or the Vicar would speak for her. She was desperately anxious to see Priscilla starting on her own feet, and independent of a home that might not hold together much longer. Her husband and she had led strenuous, honorable lives, they had reared five children, and Sam had scraped together a goodish bit of money, if only he had been lucky or wise enough to keep it, or, better still, increase it. Masters, the bulider, had been at school with Sam and had not started work in better circumstances, but how he had gone ahead from the beginning! Whatever he touched seemed to prosper, while every enterprise of Sam's seemed foredoomed to failure.

Priscilla watched her mother's compressed lips and darkened brow and knew that she was thinking of the "shop," the word that in their household brought in its train all the troubled history of the last few years.

"There's a lady comin' in at the gate!" she said suddenly. "Why, 'tis Mrs. Masters!"

Mrs. Day said "Drat it!" because she was not in a condition to receive visitors; but she got up and went to the shed door. Her coarse apron was stained and covered with feathers, and so was her cheap, worn blouse; her hands were red and rough with work and her body crippled by rheumatism. It was difficult to believe that she was only a year or two older than the trim, middle-aged woman who had come to see her. Mrs. Masters wore a tailor-made coat and skirt, a fashionable hat and a fur boa and muff.

"I've come to buy our Christmas turkey," she said. "My husband met yours and heard you had some good ones and I'm to have the biggest."

Mrs. Day produced the biggest, a bird she had plucked that morning, wondering who would give Sam its price.

"It's thirty shillings," she said.

"It's worth it," said Mrs. Masters, and produced the money.

"I suppose Mr. Masters is very busy now," said Mrs. Day, when she had arranged that Sam should leave the bird on his rounds to-morrow morning. A man must be busy, she reflected, before he can afford thirty shillings for his Christmas dinner.

"I might as well have no husband nor no son neither," said Mrs. Masters. "They're in the house for meals and out again before you can say Jack Robinson, and at night they're at it still, calculatin', measurin', and writing—if I try to get a word in edgewise they say I'm worretin' them. It's a life!"

It was the plaint of a woman whose menfolk are doing well in the world and who is proud of them and contented but a little lonely.

"If you'll come in, I'll make a cup o' tea in a minnit," said Mrs. Day.

"Don't say no."

"I'll accept with pleasure," said Mrs. Masters. "It's a goodish stretch

from our shop up here, and I'm not so young as I was."

"Priscilla, run in and put the kettle on and lay the table," said Mrs. Day, taking off her apron, coat and handkerchief. Mrs. Masters looked after the girl, as she sped into the cottage.

"What you going to do with her?" she asked. "Hal's quite struck with her being so pretty. I like a bit more color myself, but her eyes are all right."

"She's going to service," said Mrs. Day. "What else can she do?"

(To be continued.)

OUR AUTOCRATS.

When Sir Peter Lely painted his endless gallery of full-lipped, high-breasted matrons with eyes *à fleur de tête*, we accepted the type as one which the fashionable Court painter saw through the spectacles of his patron Charles the Second, moving, as he did, in the orbit of royal constellations. If eyes that slanted upwards towards the temples and mouths that drooped downwards towards the chin were to be considered "desirable" by that accomplished connoisseur of the female sex, why then it was obviously the duty of a courtier to portray none other. By the way, the nauseating respectability of English history has never permitted the Merry Monarch to occupy his properly gilded niche in its pages: he was a far abler, far more discriminating connoisseur of British character than he was even of British beauty. Reigning in the place of a father who had suffered his gentle self to be executed in the name of liberty without proper pride or remonstrance; planting his throne firmly on the prejudices and superstitions of a generation of nasal-voiced psalm-singers; dismissing his constitutional tyrants by putting his fingers to his royal nose in their wry faces: all this meant a trifle of strength that none has ever attempted with success before or after. For Charles the Second had learnt the lesson from his parent's fate that the English love neither virtue nor virtu-

osity in their sovereign; that when he appealed to them for support for his *menus plaisirs*—not exactly to be read as menus and pleasures, but meaning pretty nearly just that!—they would vote him a "gentleman," and would vote him supplies, but that if he applied to Parliament for replenishment of the State Exchequer they would grumble at his extravagance and would dismiss his Chancellor!

If, amidst all his other agreeable pastimes, he had not only replenished an aristocracy but also invented a type of female beauty, then Romney must have been no less clever in doing the latter when he turned to us the three-quarter face of his auburn-haired Bacchante, with eyes a nose-length apart and figure that gave warning of a later departure from those early Greek contours: an ideal of womanhood that was embodied in Nelson's Enchantress, and one that we foolishly imagined the artist's infatuation had led him to fashion all his models on.

Then when Reynolds, Lawrence, Raeburn, Etty each succeeded one another in rapid line, everyone accustoming us to one particular mould of form in his sitter, so that at last we can recognize the artist as much by the features delineated in the portrait as by the brush-work, we put it down to the absorption of the painter in a type, and were a little scornful that

he should give us (as we say of an actor) "only himself" in the character of his model.

John Sargent was still drawing the aquiline, pale, long-fingered, fashionably caparisoned creature of the 'nineties when William Shannon caught the changing outline of the next decade and fastened it, with its glowing white skin and strawberry lips, upon the canvas. Gone were the full-bosomed, round-hipped Junos of du Maurier's illustrations, replaced by the Dana Gibson Girl of short chin and small head, of classic torso and length of limb.

To-day, when the whole of English girlhood has burst into one amazingly picturesque if undistinctive type, similar in stature, color, feature to every one of her sisters, it is borne in upon us that Lely, Romney, Reynolds, Lawrence, Raeburn, Etty, du Maurier, Sargent, Gibson, and Shannon did but depict what they had seen and not merely what they had conceived to be popular! For we meet on every side just now the maiden of Greuze-like juvenility but with the challenging color of a Nattier and the naughty ankle of a Fragonard. Short in stature, diminutive of circumference, flat of breast though full of mouth, slim though wiry, this fragile-looking rose has the constitution of a thistle.

Like the prize bloom growing solitary on its stem, it has attained a delicacy of outline with a hardness reminiscent of its wilder ancestress. The gardeners of this flower having learned the lesson of large nurseries have devoted the whole of their tender care to the cultivation of this single specimen of a generation. How and why we have arrived at this curious phenomenon of slight frame and stout health, a glance at the physiological genealogy of the present stock may perhaps help us to comprehend. Meanwhile we certainly have the

spectacle of a race of girls revenging the centuries of iniquities perpetrated on their mothers in particular and on womanhood in the aggregate, a revenge that is pure joy to the lover of justice! And if I follow up the family tree of womanhood rather than of manhood, it is because girls are after all the potential mothers of the race and proverbially "favor" their fathers in point of temperament, so that the ebb and flow of vitality alternates between the male and female in each successive generation. Of course I must of necessity begin with the more cultured classes because the submerged and ill-fed of every time resemble one another in that the typical features of the day are only dimly traceable. Men or women of gentle birth falling to a low social stratum through ill fortune or poverty may personally preserve the marks of refinement in themselves but rarely in their offspring begotten in misery.

Back then to 1850 when a capable, finely built child was born who was brought up with an austerity and a repression on the good old principle that is certainly unknown to the child of to-day—that whatever is nice is deleterious and whatever is nasty is beneficial—the primitive comprehension of hygiene consisting in a hard and fast theory of sparse diet. The full meal of half an egg for tea died hard, and lasted until the daughter of 1850 became "granny" of 1890. Then the mother turned on her mother and taunted her with her (the daughter's) nerves, and crushed the egg theory. The boys of course of 1850 took the matter into their own hands at school by a more or less liberal outlay at the "tuck-shops," greediness supplying the deficiencies of starch and sugar with cakes and jams, while the girls, under strict supervision at home, grew up without proper covering to their nerves, and with their tender arms

and breasts exposed to the weather—not dangerous when the whole little body is bared to the even atmosphere of an open-air bath, but giving “croupy” coughs and “wheezy” catarrhs when tiny patches of flesh are pinched by the north wind. Up then they grow, self-worriers already at the age of sixteen, uncertain of mood at thirty, and always hysterical from first to last, these girls of the year 1850! The megrims and fainting fits, those interesting pallors incidental to young-ladyism of 1850, are more irritating and less becoming to womanhood when they give place to tempers, tears, and reactions.

Back to 1870 when a well-developed child is born, with highly wrought temperament, with low nervous vitality owing to the hard youth of the mother and the latter's inward revolt against the yearly terrors of child-bearing. This batch of eighteen-seventiers grow up with a horror of maternity—not traceable to Bradlaugh-Besant literature nor to the aftermath of Malthusian economics, but simply a transplanted life-fatigue suckled at the wearied breast of the 1850 woman cumbered with much serving of her lord. The eighteen-seventy-er has learned her lesson, and if an unwilling mother, she is at least not an unthinking one. The daughter of 1890 may be unwelcome, but she shall not be made to feel it when she upsets the even tenor of the house. She is going to have all the jam, cakes, treats, sit-up-lates and conundrums explained that her mother was denied. No putting off of playtime with “stop-upstairs-with-nurse-mother's-got-a-headache-and-can't-answer-questions-darling” any more! Mother may no longer have a headache during Dolly's hour!

And so we have the daughter of 1890, small of frame, owing to her mother's low nervous vitality; and the boys, if growing to a greater height,

rather “weedy” than not, but this with a wholesome outdoor life, sensible clothing and wise feeding, soon counteracted. It all makes for happiness and health, and so do the long holidays and the little schooling that parental anxiety countenances; only it does not admit of any great mental achievement.

A stupid, smiling, self-satisfied adolescence! Much preoccupied with games and sports but very little with metaphysics; adorable to look at but passionately devoid of sentiment; temperate by habit rather than by principle; sensuous but not sensual; loving luxury but hating the trouble of working for it; acquisitive but not greedy; curious but not inquisitive; eager but unambitious; giving no sympathy but also asking none. Solemnly intent on a pleasant to-day with no fear of a hideous to-morrow, it has a happy indifference to ideals that makes the last generation open its eyes in wonderment as to where this un-self-conscious, but wholly self-contained, engaging ignorance will eventually lead.

While the children of 1870 were dimly visualizing the incompatibility of honoring their fathers and mothers if (as was not infrequently the case) they were not honorable; while they struggled weakly to maintain their gratitude for being born into a world of effort for which they had no calling; while they strove to maintain a respectful demeanor to parents not always worthy of respect, they were secretly in revolt against the tyranny of custom and trying vainly to reconcile the theory of individualism with the doctrine of the fifth Commandment. It then swept the children of 1890, quite openly denying the obligation for favors not received by the mere fact of existence—the boot being, as it were, on the other leg, for introducing Jack and Jill into a horrid mess of a world without so much as

a by your leave! An attitude of expectation, as who should say "I did not ask to come so do your best for me please and make this sorry business as easy as possible"; not without a pleasant commiserating affection for "mamma and papa" if these really make things smooth for them, but bitterly resentful if they don't. A kindly condescending pity too for the inconvenient and highly ridiculous emotionalism of the authors of their beings, who attach such immense importance to such circumstances that matter really so much less than others they dismiss without a thought. Mamma, for instance, has a tearful eye and a yearning look when young masterful has brought back an "unfair" report from that old "rotter" the headmaster. As if it could possibly interfere with a fellow's future! Papa pulls a long face as though Jack's livelihood depended on making an ass of himself at school by playing up for marks. It does, though, as a matter of fact, to quite a considerable extent. It lessens the difficulties of finding a start in life, but that is one of the unpalatable truths the eighteen-ninety-er always shirks facing but which eighteen-seventy Jack took very heavily indeed.

The only person who makes light of it is Jack's uncle, a good deal younger than Jack's mother but considerably older than Jack himself—a halfway house between the self-working eighteen-seventy-er and the self-centred eighteen-ninety-er. He is always able to strike a nice balance of points of view until he has children of his own! The sole evidence of faith in his parent that is to be found tucked away in Jack's cranium is his conviction that his father can always produce as much "coin" as is requisite for Jack's comfort and maintenance, so that it is to be presumed that somewhere at the back of his brain there

exists a belief in father's capacity—a touching belief that does not always bring its own reward in the shape of allowances. Are there not always new countries being opened up for the benefit of these feckless sons of Great Britain? And has not their incorrigible confidence in the parental banking account led to the English language being spoken all over the face of the inhabited globe? (or the uninhabited for that matter), for Nature's logical hatred of waste peoples the countries of the world with the nation's wasted energies.

Jill is not missing when it comes to the asking of the good things which parents are to provide, not intending to be overlooked in the distribution of privileges and determined to be participant of all that brother has until now arrogated to himself by right of appropriation, and, whether it is his game or his vote, resolved not to be left behind *this* time.

Old-fashioned grumbler looking at the procession as it passes his Club window makes moan over her craving for equality. Yet his own sisters have fashioned this new image, fashioned her out of the melted wax of their smothered resistance; by-product of old grumbler's subjugation of woman in revolt.

Nature, standing aside laughing at the amazement of the male, refuses to interfere, feeling the time has come when the girl must become as selfish as the boy. This is Nature's revenge on Civilization and the triumph of the age!

The Jill of 1890 "grows up knowing" what her ancestors learned with pain and timidity, and thrusts herself into the lists long before the age at which her mother shyly lifted her eyes to be selected by the hero of her dreams; ready and willing to be conducted to the tournament and tie her colors round the arm of her knight before he

has even realized that she claims the right to choose. All to the advantage of the next generation this!

Unlike her mother, the girl of 1890 does not shirk maternity but on the contrary looks forward to it, and with a wider knowledge welcomes matrimony for the possible possession of smiling babies, conquering by fresh air and exercise the physical shortcomings bequeathed by a nervous parent. In spite of her slight physique, she carries her burden bravely and brings to earth no puling, fretful babe protesting with all its lungs against the discomfort of this world, but a placid, good-tempered infant of remarkable precocity.

Much is written about the melancholy discontent of the girl, her dislike of home-ties, her hatred of men, and so on and so on through all the stuff that comes under the head of "good copy." The modern girl is, of reality, engaged like every other girl of every other age and climate in the choosing of a father for her children, a pursuit that in practice is not so pretty as in theory. Wherefore we do not openly talk of it over the tea or dinner table nor print it on the dance-programme, though we *have* got so far as to give garden fêtes and receptions in the cause of Eugenics!

Among the leisured classes the tally-ho is drowned by the sound of dance music and the popping of champagne corks, and is pleasantly excused by papas and mammas in that they "must give the young people a good time," so that the bright-eyed bevy of happy huntresses carry the wishes and blessings of the whole field with them; romance falling farther and farther into the background with each ascending step of the social ladder. Indeed quite high up on the topmost rungs a fine breezy practical common sense reigns and romance becomes a mere

speck in the middle distance—i.e. amongst the middle classes! Up above dowagers and mothers quite cheerfully condone methods that they would wring their hands over if applied to their sons by the dainty elves behind the footlights.

Wise little elves those on the other side of the curtain, no longer to be beguiled by promises of pie-crust that lured Perdita to her tragic doom, but at the solid cost of a finger circle consisting of some eighteen carats of gold; methods not so different either from those employed in Mayfair and Belgravia where the play is cast with sternly observant duenna giving style to this comedy of manners, instead of the rough and tumble of farce that obtains in Stage-shire!

And the girls of Stage-shire, with all the formidable field of money, family, and fashion arrayed against them, manage to carry off the brush time and time again that watchful rivals have not been quick enough to snatch from them.

If we really want to get to the bottom of the puzzle why, with the marshalled forces of lovely, well-born, well-educated maidens to choose from, some wealthy young Paris shall give the apple to a half-clothed Venus exhibiting her charms to the public gaze, then we must go deeper down to the root of things and get more closely to the nerve centres than the casual observer cares to explore. We may trace that heinous crime to the fundamental weak spot in the boy's brain when at the age of five he already made a deity of the barebacked rider (in two senses of the word) in tarlatan skirts. How triumphantly that heroine flew through the hoops in the circus to which Uncle Harry treated him at Christmas! How nimbly that pink and white fairy in glittering spangles alighted in the saddle of the martin-galed steed galloping round the saw-

dust ring! Heavy-lidded anxiety forcing a smile through the cracking grease paint to dissimulate the feverish calculation of distance, and persuade all but the initiated of the absence of effort! That act of birdlike accuracy with the flying leap and the pointed toes in the foam of dewdropped muslin, what an indelible mark it leaves on the wax record of the boy's mind! Just in the same way that the feminine love of soldiers is started in the brain of the baby girl in the perambulator solemnly watching, to her nurse-maid's chorus of "pretty-pretty soldier," a squadron of Horse Guards—cuirasses glinting in the sun, as their chargers prink down the avenue of St. James's Park to the gatehouse in Whitehall.

German pathologists have classified and scheduled this hero-worship of the male in uniform as by no means confined to the class of cooks and nursery-maids; have specified why the latter, having choice of the solidier attentions of the butcher that calls for orders at the fee-simple of a smile, select to walk out with Tommy Atkins at cost of half-a-crown! (This is mere hearsay, I will not accept the personal responsibility of ranking that patriot in scarlet with other less reputable creatures!) They, the German wise men, could tell us also why the "hochwohlgeboren" youth sits in front of that curtain night after night that will presently rise and reveal his goddess to the greedy gaze of any "beast of a fellow" who has paid (like himself) for a seat to look at *her*: for it is inconceivable that anyone in the audience should come to look at any other but that pretty creation in flesh and chiffon, and then—jealousy gnaws at his vitals. There being nowadays only one way of making the elf see the reasonableness of giving up her profession, he proposes marriage to her in order to keep her to himself, and the elf, no

more backward in coming forward than "Hochwohlgeboren's" sisters when it comes to a question of settling in life, accepts with alacrity!

Is such a marriage more disastrous than many others? I do not know. It is certainly disconcerting to the relations-in-law who do not find that the new wife speaks exactly the same language as themselves: it being a superstition of the "Hochwohlgeboren" that the whole world should speak only *their* language and none other, and by *their* language is meant—not the particular phrasing of speech or literary composition of a sentence, for they have as easily recognized a vernacular as any less exalted sphere in England—but just the idioms and topics and shibboleths that are current in certain social strata of this country, and that are as distinguishing and distinguishable as the marking of any of the animal variety of family, with this difference: that while the leopard cannot change his skin, the human animal may with patience and imitativeness learn to call to his kind on precisely the same note as his environment.

Certainly dowager mamma has something of a right to grumble, for the footlight-girl has the advantage over the drawing-room-girl. She can go about untrammelled by a formidable chaperone, indeed she is forced to go about unaccompanied and early to learn the lessons of life. She has to be breadwinner and chaperone to herself, and though the bloom may thus be worn off the peach a little, it is not said that there is canker at the heart. On the contrary, the intimate acquaintance with the rougher problems of existence does not bruise the fruit, strange as it may seem, but makes it less hard and softer to the touch than the delicate, fragrant hothouse-reared fruit that has not ever been exposed to the cold blast of necessity. Even

the few lines under the discipline of rehearsals have taught the stage-girl that the work of the world is not done by playing at it. Accessible as any married woman, she has the lightness of heart of her age and her profession and is a boon companion for a young man as well as a worldly adviser, while the daughters of the "Hochwohlgeboren" grow up late and seem—to the generation of 1870 at least—rather immature and childish until experience has licked them into shape, as it were.

This late development of both boys and girls is a very marked feature of the 1890 generation. Their parents have tempered the wind to their lambs so successfully that the children seem unable to lift a finger for themselves against any rude blast of fortune. Look at the longitude and the latitude that is allowed to boys in choosing what calling or profession they will follow! So long are they at choosing that in the end they have grown too old to choose any and drift into the so-called "liberal" professions (not very often liberal in any material sense of the word) with no great aptitude for any. The very "softness" of the present-day youth predisposes him to select his helpmate from among the pretty self-reliant fairies of the theatre, balancing up the common-sense independence of the latter with the purposeless pliability of this go-as-you-please manhood and making an uneven alliance even.

On the whole I am tempted to believe that "hochwohlgeboren" papa and mamma should take a leaf out of the stage-girl's book and remain distant on the horizon of courtship. Some little credit should after all be placed to the account of happy hazard, and those girls make the most advantageous matches who are not too much overshadowed by an alarming cohort of vigilant guardians. There is always

one who wants and one who is wanted, but it may well be left to the chief actors in this duologue to supply the cues without the too audible voice of the prompter. Nor is that theory of the super-man in marriage—in spite of the able pleading of counsel—to be relied on by the intending votary. The spectacle of man or woman being battered into consent is not, it is true, uncommon, but also not uncommonly ends in disaster. Husband perhaps more readily accepts the fate that he has been cozened into, for he does not so easily allow the impossible present to interfere with a possible future, but wife has a way of being more retrospective and looks before and after and rarely beyond. For to woman marriage is mostly a *cul-de-sac* with a blank wall at the end that shuts out the prospect from her sight.

Why papa makes a more useful chaperone than mamma is not far to seek. In his soul no father wishes his daughter to marry. Inconceivable to him with his knowledge of the baser traffic of love that his pure daughter should be gathered to the breast of any vile man with the same experience as himself. Besides, have they, his daughters, not stood so long between their mother and himself, hiding from him the boredom of that lifelong escort, that home is intolerable to contemplate without their society? In the rarer instances where actual companionship exists between husband and wife the children count for little enough; a mother, on the other hand, who considers that no girl is good enough for her son, is not nearly so fastidious for her daughter provided the suitor can afford to keep a wife at all.

Thus the girl, with no reinforcement to fall back on from one ally and too much to be dreaded from the other, desperately looks to brother. Now brother, though he is pleased enough

with the agreeable relationship of being brother-in-law presently, is a little ashamed at the process in the making, and does not like to see his sister unblushingly set her cap at the head of his friend. So he ranges himself on the side of the male against whom the whole battery of sister's charms is being directed. After all she is at her best fighting for her own hand provided she is allowed a fair field and no favor, but woe to her if there are sisters on the other side! Woe to her if unseen they are ranged against her holding the citadel of their brother's affections against all comers! More particularly if their ambitions have sighted a more brilliant alliance for him; but this is a matter that has another place in the procession and will be dealt with in other pages.

At any rate, the girls of 1890 know what they want. I am doubtful if the same can be said of the boys. That softness that I have already touched upon is a symptom of the day infinitely more menacing than it was at the end of the 'eighties. Then, though gold had been pouring in from South Africa, its effect had not yet percolated through all classes. Since which there have been Nitrate Booms, Copper Booms, Oil Booms, and last but by no means least, Rubber Booms, the latter appealing by the very cheapness of the shares at the initial price to the middle and working classes who gambled in Rubber concessions long before the professional dealer in stocks and shares believed in the sincerity of the craze. Thereafter a whole class learned to acquire a new taste for spending easily-gotten gains on luxuries that have now become indispensable to it. Motor bicycles and trailers for the wife a necessity for people who had hitherto gone on foot to save the price of a seat in a public conveyance; skating rinks with music and lights; cinemas in palaces with sensational

dramas; refreshments in marble halls with a band; and the endless number of motor omnibuses advertising cheap drives to the parks and commons of the suburbs: these and many other attractions have sprung up in England since the dreary autumn of 1890 startled the youth of these islands out of their lazy creed that we had only to sing *Rule Britannia* in chorus to rout an enemy. And since then?

Well, since then the playing fields of Eton and Harrow have sent forth another generation of boys, softer, more supine still, given up to tango and two-step teas. I do not like the two-step-tango-ragtime music in the air. It is not frankly and brutally immoral nor has it the rhythm of a march that braces the nerves. It is just lascivious and enervating. I am aware that this sounds a "fogeish" criticism. That probably the same objection was raised against other innovations of the last century, but all this languid posturing, this heated "tempo" has no relation to the rompish, joyous polka, mazurka, or waltz, but is like the heavy surcharged atmosphere before a storm.

Quadrilles and lancers, although lacking in spirit and too methodical to be artistic, belong nevertheless to an era of good morals that permitted a partner to grasp his lady gently but firmly round the waist without the privilege of hugging her to his manly form. Then came the breathless intoxicating balance of Johann Strauss's *Wiener Waltzer*, and breast to breast men and women flew round in an ecstasy of movement. There is none of that in the tango contortions of to-day. No excuse of exhilarating motion, of eyes sparking with excitement, of panting breath, but a sleepy, slothful, sensual solemnity locked in an embrace that should be reserved for the alcove rather than the ballroom. No! I don't honestly like the tango-fever for Englishmen. If it is to be a choice of

waste of time for our lads, then on the whole the football-cricket waste of hours is better for the national outlook than the tango-tea. I would not mind either if, side by side with our passion for amusement, we could cultivate a few wholesome ideals.

That theory that it is vulgar to be ambitious, with which the youth who aspires to be gentlemanlike nowadays is imbued, will lead in the end to nowhere! Ambition, it is true, is not a

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lovable quality. No, nor the complete absence of it! We cannot as a nation be content to be merely amused lookers-on.

But that is what we are coming to as fast as our nice manners can carry us. We grumble but we do not mend our ways, and meanwhile our children rule us with a rod of iron. We have brought it upon ourselves and they know it.

Gertrude Kingston.

THE CABINET AND THE EMPIRE.

Like the ancient Romans under the Republic, the English people have enjoyed for centuries the advantage of an unwritten Constitution. Like them a temperament at once practical and Conservative has enabled the English, up to a certain point, to adapt their institutions to the ever changing needs of succeeding ages. When this point was arrived at in the case of the Roman Republic, a stolid Conservatism stereotyped the institutions to which they had become accustomed, and the free Republic fell. Will the same thing happen to the Constitutional Monarchy of England?

Lest I should be accused of distorting this problem to suit my own "Tory" prejudices, I will endeavor to furnish an answer to the question out of the opinions, and as far as possible the phraseology, of so unimpeachable a Radical as Lord Morley, formulated in his *Walpole*, a work equally admirable for the fairness of its reasoning and the lucidity of its style.

It would be very misleading [says Lord Morley] to take the arrangements of any one period, whether 1889 or 1740 or any other date, as being definitely fixed parts of the Constitution. To-day it is correct to say that the Cabinet has drawn to itself all, and more than all, of the royal

power over legislation, as well as many of the most important legislative powers of Parliament. . . . It is possible that within the next hundred years government by Cabinet may undergo changes of substance as important as the changes since the time of Sir Robert Walpole.¹

In these words Lord Morley recognizes (1) *That* the British Constitution is always in a state of becoming, rather than being; (2) *That* at the present moment all authority is concentrated in the Cabinet, as an instrument of government representing the House of Commons; (3) *That* this constitutional arrangement may be altered in the future.

He himself, it is needless to say, is content with the existing form of our government, and he cites Mr. Gladstone's authority for his creed. "It is worthy of remark that the living statesman² of widest experience and highest authority in the working of our constitutional system has declared that in his judgment, the Cabinet as a great organ of government has now found its final shape, attributes, functions, and permanent ordering."³

¹ "Walpole," by John Morley (published first in 1889—edition of 1913), p. 165.

² I.e. in 1889.

³ "Walpole" (1913), p. 165.

Obviously this must depend upon whether (assuming that the people of the British Empire are alive to the necessary requirements of self-government) the Cabinet system is capable of being adapted to the conditions of the age. And to decide the point, we ought to consider (1) how the Cabinet system arose; (2) how far it satisfies to-day what are declared on Radical authority to be the conditions of its successful working as an instrument of government under the British Constitution; (3) what are its effects in the existing circumstances of the British Empire; (4) whether any expansion of the existing system is possible.

(1) Lord Morley traces very clearly the gradual steps by which the system of Cabinet government was evolved out of the state of things arising from the great civil conflict in the seventeenth century between the Crown and the Parliament, which produced, first, the victory of the Parliament, representing mainly the anti-episcopal and anti-monarchical elements in the country; secondly, the Republican despotism of Cromwell; thirdly, the monarchical reaction of the Restoration; fourthly, the attempted absolutism of James II; fifthly, the Revolution of 1688. Walpole, the only statesman who perceived in what direction the centre of sovereignty was tending, laid the first foundations of the Party system as we see it, in its full maturity, or its old age, to-day.

(2) Lord Morley defines four conditions as being essential to the successful working of Cabinet government as an instrument of the British Constitution:

(A) The first is the doctrine of collective responsibility. . . . As a general rule every important piece of departmental policy is taken to commit the entire Cabinet, and its members stand or fall together. . . . The Cabinet is a unit—a unit as regards

the Sovereign, and a unit as regards the Legislature. Its views are laid before the Sovereign and before Parliament, as if they were the views of one man. It gives its advice as a single whole, both in the royal closet, and in the hereditary or the representative Chamber. If that advice be not taken, provided the matter of it appears to be of proper importance, then the Cabinet, before or after an appeal to the electors, dissolves itself and disappears.⁴

(B) The second mark is that the Cabinet is answerable immediately to the majority of the House of Commons, and ultimately to the electors whose will creates that majority.⁵

(C) Third, the Cabinet is, except under uncommon, peculiar, and transitory circumstances, selected exclusively from one Party.⁶

(D) Fourth, the Prime Minister is the Keystone of the Cabinet arch. . . . The flexibility of the Cabinet system allows the Prime Minister in an emergency to take upon himself a power not inferior to that of a dictator, provided always that the House of Commons will stand by him. . . . Consequently in this important department of public action the Cabinet must for the most part, unless there be some special cause of excitement, depend upon the prudence and watchfulness of its head.⁷

Not one of these conditions is satisfied by the present Cabinet. As to (A) the principle of "collective responsibility" is seen to be the merest fiction. So far from their united view of the necessary nature of Home Rule for Ireland having been laid "before the Sovereign and before Parliament," the Government has no sooner forced through the House of Commons by means of the Closure the Bill which the Sovereign is expected to turn into an Act, than it produces an Amending Bill intended to remove the difficulties

⁴ "Walpole," pp. 155-6.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 156.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 156.

⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 157-8.

which, like all the rest of the world, it perceives must prevent its legislation being effective. Nor are the different members of the Cabinet even able to speak with one voice as to the policy by which they hope to enforce their measures. On the contrary, while the Secretary for Ireland appeals to Ulster in mild tones of persuasion and conciliation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty utter blood-thirsty threats of coercion, and the latter with this purpose gives orders to the Fleet which the Prime Minister, who may or may not have been privy to the designs of his subordinate, is afterwards obliged to cancel. Yet in spite of all this divergence of view the Cabinet continues to pretend that it gives utterance to the opinions of a party which—to use the phrase of Burke—is united “for the promotion of principles on which all the members are agreed.” The doctrine of the “collective responsibility” of the Cabinet is in fact proved in practice to be an utter sham.

Equally incapable of being translated into practice are conditions (B) and (C). So long as it could be professed with any appearance of plausibility that the House of Commons was divided on principle into only *two* opposing parties, separated from each other by lines of historic demarcation, it was possible to speak of a Government being answerable to the majority of the House of Commons which has called it into being. But to-day, when the House of Commons consists of at least four parties diametrically opposed to each other on most important principles, and each possessing its own separate organization, it is evident that no single party can be said to possess a majority in the House. Nor is the Cabinet “selected exclusively from one party,” for, although its dif-

ferent members would no doubt all allow themselves to be docketed with the name of “Liberal,” it would be impossible for them to define beforehand the principles of “Liberalism” which they are all agreed to promote; and, on the other hand, the Cabinet does not contain a single representative of the Party on whose votes the existence of the Government mainly depends. The unity of the Cabinet, in fact, is a thing of mere mechanism. It does not recognize its “responsibility” to any real “majority” either of the House of Commons or “ultimately of the electors.” Marvellous indeed must be the strength of a constitutional superstition which can delude any man into the belief that a measure of Home Rule, forced through the House of Commons by means of the Gag, ultimately emanates from the mind of an electorate from which the very mention of Home Rule was withdrawn at the time when it was possible for the electorate to influence the Government! Or that the “will” of the electors has really created a Parliamentary majority which, by the aid of Irish Roman Catholic votes, has abolished recognition of religion by the State and robbed a Church of the property prescribed through long centuries for its endowment! These things are the work not of a genuine representative Parliament but of a party Cabinet. They have been rendered possible by the perception of each member of a discordant Coalition that its power of promoting its own aims depends upon the extent to which it can adapt itself to the will of the Cabinet, just as the existence of the Cabinet depends upon its capacity of producing a co-operation between the mutually antagonistic parts of its majority in the House of Commons. The Cabinet is in practice as “irresponsible” as the Privy Council in the days of James II.

* “Thoughts on the present Discontents.”

These various conditions in the Cabinet system have destroyed the liberty of the Prime Minister. So far from it being true that (D) "the Prime Minister is the Keystone of the Cabinet Arch," the Prime Minister is a mere puppet of circumstances and the necessities of his Party. In an earlier stage of the Constitution, and under leaders like Walpole and Gladstone, Lord Morley's observation was no doubt true. But we have only to cast our eyes on the present Cabinet to see that the real "dictator" of its destinies is Mr. Redmond, for the simple reason that, as there are four parties in the House of Commons, and as the Irish Nationalists are necessary to the Ministerial majority, the will of the Irish members must prevail in prescribing the minimum which will satisfy their ambitions. No one can suppose that Mr. Asquith (who, I believe, once classed himself as a "Liberal Imperialist") really likes a measure directly calculated to promote the disintegration of the Empire; yet he drifts helplessly before the winds of faction, at one moment inventing phrases which seem to supply the moderation required for use by his party Press, at another throwing them to the Irish wolves when their hollowness has been exposed by the realities of the situation. Poor Prime Minister!

(3) As to the effects of the Cabinet system on the Constitution and the Empire, little need be said. These are patent to all eyes in the Home Rule Bill, the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church in Wales, and in the failure of the Government to make adequate provision for the defence of the nation and the Empire. In pursuit of party interests the Cabinet has committed itself to a policy involving the destruction of a branch of the Legislature, which has for ages formed an element of the British Constitution; under the dictation of its

Irish masters, it has forced through Parliament a Bill which must necessarily, if carried into effect, lead to civil war and the suppression of liberty; in obedience to that part of its majority which depends on political dissent, it has constructed a Bill for destroying the connection between the State and an ancient Church, and for secularizing consecrated property. By the pranks of the First Lord of the Admiralty it has introduced disunion into those parts of the Empire which were most ready to join with the Mother Country in measures of Imperial Defence. As Walpole found himself obliged, in order to maintain his majority, to employ secret corruption, so the Liberal Cabinet has had to resort to the "payment of members," whereby, at least up to the date at which a General Election becomes necessary through lapse of time, its supporters are freed from the necessity of consulting their constituents. Meantime, owing to the opposition of the Labor members, the requirements of the country for self-defence are cut down below the minimum of safety. Nor, in respect of needful social legislation, has any Bill a chance of fair consideration under the existing system, which is not presented to the House with a view to improve the electoral prospects of the Party or Parties to which the Cabinet belongs.

(4) All this is happening because the English nation is too Conservative, or too indolent, to adjust its machinery of self-government to the needs of its Constitution. Yet the Constitution remains in its fundamental elements the same as it was before the Revolution of 1688. That revolution was the work of the Whigs: it was a necessity; but in its essentials, when complete, the Tories had no part, just because they did not see, like Walpole, what it was needful to do. They were a divided Party. They had been the supporters

of the Crown against the Parliament in the Civil War; and, after the disappearance of James II., some of them, the Jacobites, were still in favor of "the right divine of Kings to govern wrong," while others held opinions which scarcely distinguished them from the Whigs who headed the great body of moderate and propertied men in the country. Walpole understood the *immediate* requirements of good government.

The great Constitutional question of the eighteenth century, as every reader knows [says Lord Morley], was whether the Government of the realm should be Parliamentary or Monarchical. Was it to be an absolute rule of the King; or, as Cromwell sought, a Parliament making laws and voting money, co-ordinate with the authority of the Chief Person, and not meddling with the executive; or a Parliament containing, nominating, guiding and controlling its own executive? Walpole found it easiest, safest, and most natural to work steadily towards the last of these systems.*

In other words, like the ancient Romans when they had got rid of their kings, Walpole adapted the machinery of government to the needs of a propertied oligarchy. And, again, like the old Romans, the Whig oligarchy (essentially republican in their preferences) step by step expanded the Constitution under pressure, without altering its administrative machinery. It would probably have been impossible for the Romans, who did not understand the theory or the practice of "representation," to invent any kind of Constitutional machinery whereby the central government of Rome could have made room for the freedom and local self-government of the provinces: at any rate they did not do so; and hence their free Constitution ended in a dictatorship. The Whigs knew of the representative prin-

ciple, but, in their anxiety to retain the possession of power in their own hands, made no attempt to expand the machinery of oligarchy constructed by Walpole, to meet the new Constitutional conditions created by the Reform Bill of 1832. They have been content to answer the pressure of democracy by constant extensions of the franchise, hoping thereby always to remain at the head of affairs under the Cabinet system; hence the difficulties of our Constitutional form of government on which I have already dwelt. The great Constitutional question of the twentieth century—if I may parody Lord Morley—is how to adapt our democratic political conditions to the government of a widely extended Empire. The solution of the problem is open, on their ancient principles, to the Tory Party; for the fundamental Constitutional principle of Toryism is the defence of the just liberty of the Crown: will they produce a statesman like Walpole sagacious enough to convert those principles into practice?

All administrative adjustments under the British Constitution must come about naturally and gradually. The first need of the situation is the dissolution of Parliament and a General Election: the second is that the leaders of the Tory Party should not, through a manœuvre for position, disguise from the people the fundamental issues which are at stake.

We have to recognize, as the essential principle, what can hardly be denied, that the centre of the Empire is the British Crown, and that not the Cabinet but the Crown in Council is the ultimate source from which all imperial initiative must proceed. Only in this way, at least if the Empire is to be consolidated into unity, can we provide alike for the local liberties of the self-governing Dominions and the concerted representative action of the

* Walpole, p. 139.

whole Empire. To construct the machinery required for the purpose nothing is needed that is beyond the reach of simple evolution. We want a representative central Council of the Empire; and the nucleus of such a Council already exists in our ancient institutions. An Imperial Conference called for the purpose would

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be sufficient to bring it into being. But we must first find statesmen in the Tory Party who will have at once the courage to point out to the electorate in these Islands the inadequacy of the Cabinet system for imperial administration, and the sagacity to construct for them an instrument of deliverance.

W. J. Courthope.

"BRACKETED FIRST."

Danvers, on arriving at his rooms, composed himself to think. Had he done right or wrong in refusing the shilling to the tramp? Did it square with his own theory of Benevolence as expounded in the Essay? Did it illustrate that theory? Did it square with, illustrate, confirm or refute any theory whatsoever—Hobbes, Butler, Kant, Mill, Sidgwick, Green? Would any one of them, or all of them together, condemn or approve what he had done? These were his problems.

For a half-hour or more he worried over them, leaning back in his arm-chair and smoking three successive pipes as an aid to reflection. He recalled what the great Authorities had said about Benevolence; he recalled his own theory. Then it was as if the ghosts of all the Moral Philosophers had been summoned into the room, and there they sat, round the table, like a Royal Commission investigating the problem. Volumes of wisdom poured from their lips; but it flowed off into space and seemed to miss the mark. They argued, they wrangled, they disagreed, they could draw up no Report. They talked of Abstract Principles and Concrete Cases; but a point of contact was nowhere to be found between what they were *saying* and what he, John Danvers, had just *done*. The deeper they went the more did his peculiar trouble pass out of their sight.

They talked of "the poor" and how "the poor" ought to be treated; of the "problem of poverty" and how it ought to be solved: but all this failed somehow to reach that uncomfortable spot in Danvers' soul whence sprang the feeling that he was an ass. *Their* tramps were all in the plural, *his* was in the singular; those were a class, this an individual. Their tramps were all on paper; his was on the Senate House steps. Their tramps were odorless; his was not. *Theirs* had no eyes; *his* had,—eyes that looked at you in a very disconcerting way and haunted you afterwards. And—greatest difference of all—*their* tramps gave no trouble; they remained quiet, passive, invisible, while the experts were deciding what to do with them; and they were heard of no more from the moment that wisdom had issued its award. But *his* tramp thrust himself under your nose, tipped water on your boots, answered back with a dash of vinegar in his speech, offered to shake hands, and was coming round at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning to see you again.

Danvers began to walk about the room. "What ought I to have done?" he kept asking. "Ought I to have given the fellow a shilling? I'm dashed if I know. And what ought I to do when he comes round to-morrow morning? I'm dashed if I know."

I wish I could consult Madeleine."

As he said the words Pindar entered the room.

"What's this you're dashed if you know and want to consult Madeleine about?" said Pindar.

"A serious affair. I've had a nasty experience to-night—a tragic collision, my boy—and the end of it is that I'm haunted by the ghost of a tramp, and I'm trying to place him in some kind of intelligible context. And not a common tramp either. A fellow with awful eyes. Looked like a 'Varsity Don dressed up for the part."

"Oh!" said Pindar. "A tramp! Chalk him on the blackboard, old man. I'm interested."

Danvers, with commendable brevity, told his story and sketched the problem he was trying to solve. "And I'm not going to bed," he concluded, "until I've settled the matter. Have I done right or wrong? Help me to thrash it out. Just before you came in I'd got myself tied up in a tangle of most infernal nonsense. Open your mouth, man; discourse and clear the air."

"Wait a bit," answered Pindar, "till we have a full statement of the facts."

"I've given you a full statement."

"No, you haven't. There's more behind—something you don't know. I saw and heard the whole thing on the Senate House steps; and what's more, I saw what happened after you went away. Madeleine is in the play already, my boy!"

"Great Scot! you don't say so!" exclaimed Danvers.

"Yes. Listen. As you went down the steps Madeleine came out of the door. And the tramp accosted her in exactly the same words he had used to you."

"The blackguard!" cried Danvers. "Just fancy that dirty brute speaking to her! Stinking of whisky, too! He'd try to frighten her! I wish I'd

given him in charge!—Well, what did she do?"

"Gave him a shilling like a shot, and then talked to him for five minutes. I didn't hear what she said. But she wasn't frightened a bit."

"She never is," said the other. "But, I say—do you think she saw me turn him down?"

"She did."

"Confusion!" cried Danvers. "But how do you know?"

"Because she spoke of it afterwards. We walked home together. But keep your hair on, Dan. There are more facts to come. I took a hand in the business myself."

"What did *you* do?"

"What it might have been wiser not to do."

"Like most things! Can't recognize it at that. Name the action. What was it?"

"I gave the man another shilling—without being asked."

"You idiot!" cried Danvers. "If the tramp isn't already mad drunk and kicking some woman to death it's no fault of yours and Madeleine's. But why did *you* give him a shilling?"

"Because Madeleine did. Don't be an ass, Dan. You'd have done the same thing yourself, you know you would! And what's more, you'd give a tidy sum to have played my part instead of your own."

"By Gad, I would!"

"And then repent of it!"

"I don't know: but go on. What happened next?"

"I walked home with Madeleine, as I said. For some time she didn't speak. At last she stopped suddenly, and looking me straight between the eyes asked the very question you asked just now. 'Why did you give the tramp another shilling?' 'Because *you* gave him one,' I answered. 'I detest being imitated,' says she, and looks as fierce as a button. 'Well,'

says I, 'I wanted to do the same as you.' And didn't she just flare up when I said that! 'You muffin!' says she, 'it wasn't the same! I was the first to do it. A thing can't be done for the first time twice over!' 'Madeleine,' says I, 'it's all rot my being bracketed first with you. I ought to have been ploughed.' 'So you ought!' says she, and flounced away without another word, leaving me feeling like an idiot. Dan, there's a spice of the devil in Madeleine."

"You've been a long time finding that out," said Danvers. "But I'll tell you what all this will come to. Madeleine will have neither of us. She'll marry that little Johnny with the club-foot and the spectacles—what's his name?—Merlin. We've both cut a poor figure over this affair, Pin."

"We have," said Pindar, and then added, after a pause, "I wish I had been *ploughed*!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there's a lot of *pity* in that girl. She's compassionate, Dan; you could see it when she was talking to the tramp; it's the keynote of her temperament. I lay three to one that Merlin knocks both of us out with that club-foot of his. I wish we had club-feet. At least I wish I had!"

"Yes, it might smooth the way. You are right about pity, old man. Do you know the best run either of us ever had with Madeleine was when she knocked us over the Kant Scholarship? She was awfully sorry for us that night, and either of us might have had her for the asking. She as good as told me so. Another time was when I got that sock in the mouth at the 'Varsity match. 'Poor old chap!' says she next day; and I'd have proposed there and then if I hadn't had three front teeth knocked out, and made such a horrid splutter when I talked. But, dash it, I believe she'd have taken me, splutter and all!

However, it's up with us now! Merlin has the ball! What with all three being bracketed first, and then this tramp mess coming on the top of that, we haven't the ghost of a chance."

The two men smoked away in silence. Presently Danvers said—

"Pin, old man, I'm going to cut the knot—it's the only way. My mind's made up. I resign Madeleine to you! You're far the better man."

"And I resign her to you! You're worth six of me. My mind's made up too."

"There we are again!" said Danvers. "Another deadlock! We get no forrarder! And the end of it all will be that that little beast with the club-foot will have her. It makes no difference whether the two dogs quarrel over the bone, or each politely insist that the other shall have it. It's only another sort of fight, and the third dog gets the bone all the same. One of us two must cut the knot. Now, who is it to be?"

Danvers waited for an answer. There was none. Suddenly an inspiration seized him, and he jumped from his chair. "I have it!" he cried. "Eureka! There's only one way out. Pin, my hearty, *we shall have to fight!* The Fates have decreed it. We're bracketed first with Madeleine. And I've suddenly seen what the Fates mean by it. They mean that we must *fight* for her!"

Pindar rose, went to the fire, and began poking it with Danvers' walking-stick. Then he became interested in a piece of old china on the mantel-shelf, and turned it upside down to examine the marks. He was evidently deep in thought. At last he said—

"You're right, Dan. We shall have to fight. But we are not going to fight with our fists. We are going to fight with weapons of reason—but gloves off all the same, mind you."

"Precisely what I meant," said Dan-

vers. "How could I mean anything else?"

"Right-ho! We go back to the tramp and his shilling right away. That's the ring. Who was right, you or I, or both, or neither of us? We settle that question before we go to bed. We're a pair of humbugs if we can't. So here's the bargain. *The man who is proved to have done right shall have Madeleine. The man who is proved to have done wrong shall give her up.*"

"But suppose we don't agree?"

"We ought to agree. If we can't, again I say we are a pair of humbugs, equally unworthy of Madeleine, and Merlin takes up the running."

"But suppose we do agree, and conclude that *both* of us were right—or wrong?"

"Then, by the powers, we'll toss up a halfpenny and let the gods decide the issue!"

"It's a sporting proposition right through," said Danvers eagerly, "and won't it just appeal to Madeleine when she hears about it? She shall know it was your suggestion."

"No, it was yours!"

"Never mind that. It will appeal to Madeleine anyhow. Only last week she said that next to lawn-tennis conduct is the most sporting thing in life. That's the only trouble with Madeleine! She's never serious about morality. But she's a deuced sight better girl than many who are."

"And a deuced sight prettier too!" added Pindar.

"She's *fast*, Pin, *fast*, I tell you. No, you blockhead, I don't mean fast in *that* sense! Of course not. I mean quick, easy, swift, ambidextrous, and all that—just as she plays lawn-tennis. Cuts in, serves 'em red-hot, and scores a point while the rest of us are pulling long faces at one another! Look how she handled that mess of Smithers and Haply! Cut the black-

guard Smithers clean out of the show, brought the authorities round, and headed Haply off just as he was going to make an ass of himself—all in one stroke, mind you, and quick as lightning. There's a lot of righteousness in *speed*, Tom Pindar—a lot, take my word for it! I've *seen* it in Madeleine. That's the point that Kant and his Johnnies have missed, though I believe it's in Aristotle, if the text was properly restored. But I'm talking shop. Let's go back to the fight. We'll make a proper duel of it—with moral principles for the weapons, and the cleverest and sweetest girl in England for the prize. Marriage by combat! Splendid! Primitive methods translated into higher forms: unity of idea amid diversity of ritual—and all that! It will become historic, Pin! It will make us famous, Pin! And we'll be serious. No jokes, and no quarter. No self-renouncing motives. In short, we'll play the game."

"We will," chimed in Pindar. "And what do you say to having a bit on? I suggest a fiver."

"Done. Each man backs himself for five pounds. Stakes on the table right away! And the whole ten pounds to go towards the purchase of Madeleine's engagement ring—which is going to cost at least fifty if the luck turns my way."

"Agreed. That's a great idea. It'll help to make a straight fight of it. It'll put the stopper on the self-renouncing business—the thing I'm most afraid of."

"Same here," said Danvers, as he placed a little pile of sovereigns on the top of Pindar's bank-note. "But what about an umpire? I say, it's a pity we can't get the tramp. I'd like him to be judge."

"Bosh!" shouted Pindar. "We want somebody who knows Moral Science. I say, what about Madeleine?"

"Couldn't get her; though she'd en-

joy it, and make a ripping good judge too. Only she'd make fun of us—the little demon! And I tell you we are going to have no nonsense about this."

"No nonsense be the word!" cried the other. "We'll have to do without an umpire. It's going to be a duel at midnight, in a lonely forest, with no seconds, and none save the survivor to tell the tale. And now to business! Up, Guards, and at 'em! Sock 'em, boys! We'll begin as two Greeks and imagine we've just put the case of the tramp before Socrates. And from that we'll gradually work up to a modern point of view."

At that moment the clock on Danvers' mantelpiece struck ten—and at it they went. I shall not enlighten the reader with the full text of the argument that followed. It was rapid, concentrated, and exhausting. At 10.40 the combatants refreshed themselves with a draught of plain soda and a pinch of snuff. This warmed them to their work, and the sword-play became magnificent. Subtle strokes were delivered which split the living hairs as they grew on the combatants' heads. There were moments when it ceased to be a duel and became an orgy—an orgy of fine distinctions, a debauch of profundities. When midnight struck, every authority from Socrates to Nietzsche had been cited; but neither Danvers' shilling nor his friend's could yet claim to have the Moral Order behind it. Towards 1 A.M. there was a set-back. They discovered that the problem of Madeleine had become mixed up with the problem of the tramp. Thereupon the two things had to be disentangled, and this carried them back to a point considerably behind that from which they had started. But nothing could daunt them, and by two o'clock they had recovered most of the lost ground. Then it was proposed that before going further they should review the ground

traversed and summarize results. This being accomplished, it appeared that, so far as the argument had gone, the weight of probability was against Pindar. He had acted "weakly"—so they agreed—in following the lead of Madeleine, and "blindly" in supposing he was doing "the same" as she. Nothing equally flagitious had been set down to Danvers' account.

"I admit," said Pindar, "that the argument is going against me, though I still have a fighting chance. You scored on 'the Whole' and on 'the Good'; but I shall head you off yet on 'the Beautiful.' But give me a breather first. Hand that lemon this way and let's have another smoke. Meanwhile, I'll tell you a funny thing, Dan. From the moment I gave the shilling I've felt perfectly comfortable about what I did. And now that the argument is going against me, I feel more comfortable than ever. Even if I am definitely proved in the wrong, as I may be, I shall not feel one bit ashamed of myself."

"I'll cap that," said Danvers. "I've felt horribly ashamed of myself from the very first. If I hadn't felt such a mean beggar, and been so deucedly anxious to argue the feeling away, some of my best points would never have occurred to me. And the more my case has strengthened, the meaner I feel myself to be. I've been having a thin time ever since we began. And now I'm getting into a blue funk! If I win I shall never have the pluck to face Madeleine. She'd wither me up!"

"By Jove, Dan," cried Pindar with a start, "that bears on the case. Man, we've forgotten something! The distinction between *Subjective and Objective Right*! We must begin again and revise the whole argument in the light of that distinction."

"It's too late; I'm dead tired, and my form's leaving me," said Danvers. Pindar jumped to his feet and

pitched the lemon skin into the fire. "Hang it all!" he cried. "Let's toss the halfpenny and have done for ever with the whole blessed thing!"

"It's an awful come-down, considering the place we won in the Exams," interposed Danvers. "The halfpenny's a confession of failure. A confession of monstrous, shameful, asinine failure! But sooner or later we shall come to something of the sort. I foresee we shall; and the sooner the better. But it means two things: first, we're a brace of humbugs; second, Merlin takes the bun."

"Merlin be blowed!" said Pindar. "I'll knock his ugly little head off. Dan,—no more blether! Here's a halfpenny. Best of three! Up she goes! Now then—heads or tails?" And he held out his two hands, palm to palm, under Danvers' nose.

"I won't call—not yet," was the answer. "We are at the Rubicon, old man; and I'm not going to cross till I've had five minutes to gather my moral forces. I may need 'em all. So may you."

"Five minutes and no more," he continued as they resettled themselves in the big armchairs. "Look at the clock. Be ready for the moment when I drop the handkerchief. Then out with your halfpenny and toss her up!"

There was deep silence for three minutes, broken only by the hypnotic ticking of the timepiece. Both men were visibly trembling, their eyes glued on the clock face. There was no sign that the moral forces were gathering: both seemed verging towards collapse. As the hand of the clock touched the fourth minute, Pindar, strong man as he was, actually screamed, and was on the point of going into hysterics when Danvers, who had been sitting with his eyes half closed, started to his feet and uttered a loud cry.

"By Heaven," he shouted, "*there's Madeleine!*"

"Madeleine?" cried the other in a voice that was still half a scream, "Madeleine! Where? At the door? At the window? What, man! You don't mean she's here at this time of night?"

"No, no!" gasped Danvers. "A vision! I've seen her! Seen her as plain as I see you standing there! Seen her in her room at St. Cheek's—with your photograph, and my photograph,—and Merlin's too, by Gad—on the mantelpiece."

"Get out! You're crazy!"

"No, I'm not. It's a telepathic communication. Not the first either. I've seen her, Pin, just as she is this minute. And—man alive!—what do you think she's doing?"

"Go on! How should I know?"

"*Tossing a halfpenny, my boy!* Tossing a halfpenny, Tom Pindar! Where are we now? Hoo!" Danvers' voice had become a mere moan of wind.

"And what if Madeleine's toss doesn't agree with ours?"

"Then there'll be the deuce to play all over again."

"And what if Madeleine has had a vision and seen *us* tossing?"

"Then she takes Merlin."

"But what if she was tossing for Merlin?"

"She wasn't. She never once looked at his photograph."

"But what if it's all hallucination?"

"It isn't: it's a fact."

"*What's a fact?* That Madeleine was tossing or that you thought she was?"

"Pindar, you're an ass."

"Danvers, we're both asses. But never mind, old man. We've both got Firsts: that's the main thing. We ought to have rung off long ago. Let's go to bed. See you to-morrow morning."

For a time no more was said, and Pindar began putting on his overcoat, for the storm still raged outside. As

he was passing out of the door Danvers spoke.

"Wait a second, Pin. What am I to do when the tramp turns up in the morning? I meant to think that out."

Scarcely had Danvers spoken these words when a violent buffet of wind smote the building, blew open the casement and extinguished the candles on the table. An acrid odor, from the smouldering wicks perhaps, filled the room.

"Bah!" said Danvers, as he struck a match, "what's the matter with these candles? The room smells like a charnel-house. But, I say, what am I to do about the tramp?"

"A hundred to one he won't turn up; they never do," answered the other.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"He's turning up all the time," said Danvers. "I can't keep him out of my mind. There's something queer about that chap. What do you think he said to me when I turned him down? 'These things don't stand still, sir.'"

"There's nothing in that," said Pindar. "So long!" And he went away.

When he was gone Danvers suddenly remembered something, and rushing to the window he popped his head out, and called to Pindar who was now crossing the Quad.

"I say, Pin, what about that ten pounds?"

"Bet's off, of course," shouted Pindar. "Keep my stake till to-morrow morning. So long, again!"

L. P. Jacks.

(To be concluded.)

DANTE'S NEW INTERPRETERS.*

Who is sufficient for these things? I am given a comment on Dante, delivered at Harvard by the most accomplished among Anglican prelates; and before I have mastered his choice and feeling rhetoric, a new translation in blank verse, addressed from "Orotava, Tenerife," claims my reading and my judgment. I have read; not without such pleasure as would blunt a more ill-natured criticism than mine. Others, I hope, will follow my example. But, as often when a mighty name fills the text one is apt to forget preacher and sermon, so here. Dante, the symbolic single figure, standing aloft between mediæval and modern worlds, does literally strike one dumb. What have we to do save worship in silence this greatest of

Christian prophets outside the New Testament? And who shall render into our everyman's tongue his "Comedy," which he never called "Divine"? He meant, by the strange title, to present a Mystery Play, or even the quintessence of all such plays, ranging from Hell to Heaven. While the preacher speaks and the versifier translates, I am listening to the *terza rima*, quoting it as a song of youth known to me by heart, sometimes approving what I catch from the interpreter, grateful to him always, yet feeling how beyond us all is the Catholic Virgil, the Italian Isaiah. For sheer originality, sovereign power, the "Muse of fire," ascending "the brightest heaven of invention," with whom shall we compare Dante? I have named Virgil and Isaiah, because he puts us in mind of both. He imitates neither. He abides alone.

I could surely go through his Tuscan

* "The Spiritual Message of Dante." By Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Canon of Westminster, late Bishop of Ripon. (Williams & Norgate.)

"The Divine Comedy." Translated by E. M. Shaw. (Constable.)

pages once more, glancing at this English not too scornfully, in "Orotava, Tenerife," the wide sunlit waters outspread before me. But what of Harvard? Harvard is in America; and to Americans (I die pronouncing it, yet I cannot forbear) Dante will be, as they say, literature. By literature I understand all writing that was once alive and is now dead; a thing to be set on the marble slab by examiners, then dissected out—a horrid surgeon's phrase—by students. So much grammar for the text, history for the subject, psychology for the author. Unhappy poet! This medical student's attitude, with all it implies—but, mind, I am not ascribing it in the least to Dr. Boyd Carpenter—was hit off by Ruskin to his correspondent, C. E. Norton (February 22nd, 1876). He said, "Lowell's 'Dante' is very good; but the entire school of you moderns judge hopelessly out, of these elder ones, because you never admit the possibility of their knowing what we don't. The moment you take that all-knowing attitude the heavens are veiled. Lowell speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy, and Lowell his master."

Even so, Ruskin. To be modern, literary, Bostonian, was by no means to produce a poem outsoaring the Dantean, but to feel raised above it. I suppose that Lowell, himself no common singer at his best, did feel thus; although on what grounds he, or any man living in the nineteenth century, could vindicate that superior mood, I am puzzled to imagine. Not, as is clear, because of a grander music, a more cunning art of composition, a deeper insight into motives and character, a presentment of persons and features more lively; for in these things Dante remains supreme. Was it in spiritual vision? Alas, that vision had grown dim. Or in philosophy? The philosophy of Lowell's time was

chaos, and Emerson its well-satisfied exponent. The "miracle-believing faith" which lighted Dante on his perilous way had pretty well faded back to scepticism in New England, when Lowell wrote. Is there vision at Harvard now? I cannot tell; but, if any, I am sure that it will not yield us a diviner song.

If these are bitter truths, they are wholesome. Modern self-conceit, proud of its contrivances to make bodily life easier, does not willingly own that its treasure-house of the spirit has been sacked, laid open to storms from every quarter, and often turned to a refuse-heap of sensualities, superstitions, products of hysteria, and very dismal "varieties of religious experience." Much of all that Dante would have consigned to the lower circles, in his "blind world" where no light comes. On the other hand, America breeds idealists, like the late Phillips Brooks and the founder of the "Noble" Lectures at Harvard, to whose institution we owe Dr. Boyd Carpenter's discourses. Such Americans, while most good-tempered and beneficent, move on the vague general outline of Christianity which I, for one, associate with New England worthies. The "Noble" Lectures themselves would spread abroad "the influence of Jesus," and show it in all departments of human life, taking into view history, art, letters, and whatever else. Dr. Boyd Carpenter chooses Dante, not for dilettante remark, but as exemplifying by his character and his poetry the spiritual experience of a man of genius. The bounds of treatment are set by the Bishop's audience, not less than by the simple fact that neither Bishop nor hearers can be pictured standing at the poet's angle of vision, which was the faith of Christendom in the year of Jubilee, 1300 A.D.

To follow these contrasts up would be an enlightening piece of criticism.

Space and time forbid; however, I will throw out one illustration. To the lecturer Dante is a lonely soul, whose conversion from sense to spirit, by journeying as a pilgrim in the unseen, makes the copious matter of his song; and, of course, that will be granted. But he was not alone as the Puritan is, or Bunyan's solitary pilgrim. There is the difference, vital to our story. He had always a guide—first, the classic tradition personified in Virgil, then the Catholic faith glorified in Beatrice. Dante learns as a disciple whatever he is taught, and goes whither he is led. An American pilgrim, I suspect, would not be so teachable. Under correction, it appears to me that the special form of the poet's religious discipline is too faintly marked in these otherwise beautiful and often touching addresses.

Beatrice, who cannot be resolved into an allegorical myth, as the Bishop well brings out, is in fact one of the definite Christian personalities, like St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard, that meet and welcome the traveller on his upward path. She is real, as they are; and if we recognize in the exquisite womanly traits a human tenderness, our justification is at hand, not merely in the "*Vita Nuova*," but much more in those severely loving words with which the sinner's reconciliation is made sure, as he ends at the stream of the Earthly Paradise that long adventure. I would define Beatrice not as Theology—too cold and abstract a rubric—but rather as the living genius, the angel, of Revelation. Dante's religion is, of course, not without system, any more than the human form is without anatomy. But every part and parcel of the system takes us on to the individual persons, angels, saints—demons themselves likewise—of whom it exhibits the several aspects. Catholicism has a theology, but is far from being exhausted by system. Thus I am brought on to the

keynote of the Harvard Lectures, which is the recurring word, "Love." Bishop Boyd Carpenter strikes it repeatedly with effect. "To give such a message, in such unexampled splendor of form," he considers, was Dante's vocation—a calling not to be fulfilled except at the price of exile, poverty, and seeming defeat. It is the "drama of a soul," which concludes with a song of thanksgiving. Yes, but it is something more.

As the much-discussed letter to Can Grande shows—and Mr. E. G. Gardner warrants my taking it for a genuine work of the poet—Dante had, like St. Paul, attained to some high rapture, in which the universe, bound by a golden chain of love, lay open to his sight. The burden was laid upon him in that lightning flash of a prophecy to be written. He shrank from it, for his courage was of the desperate kind (in this, Italian), alive to dangers only too well-assured. In the "*Paradiso*," where Cacciaguida, his ancestor, speaks with him of the sufferings in store, this proud Florentine, who was to sentence his generation without appeal, makes no boast of his fortitude. The lecturer, who has looked closely at his subject and is always gentle, gives Dante credit for a depth of affection and of pity, for a certain simplicity of heart, very much resembling Shakespeare's, as we know it from the "*Sonnets*." I question, however, if the Englishman could hate as he himself loved—divinely. The Italian hated for ever. True, he would say in defence, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity." The "*Inferno*," which Symonds thought cruel, and which deserves the name someone has given it of a "dismal chant," is nothing else than "punishment, the other half of crime"; sin become tortured flesh, anguish of soul, in shapes as loathly as itself. The "*Purgatorio*," says our commentator finely, brings before us

men who are anxious to escape, not the results of ill-doing, but the servitude to vice which prompted their ill-doing. When the penitent mounts up into Heaven, sphere after sphere, he learns that he is beholding symbols, not the realities of which he could not bear the brightness and live. But in the triumph of Christ an endless life, and "the glory of going on," reveal what mediæval Christians understood by Paradise with its Vision Beatific.

The soul had then supreme rights, and its demands were profoundly human. After long eclipse it is now showing, once more, I say, through the luminous photo-sphere of philosophy, far within it as the Life of Life. Dante, leaving a spiritual record in the music of his dream, answers to a call repeated on many a modern instrument. For he has written the story of man's progress, drawn upward by "the Love that moves the sun and all the stars"—the story which completes the Book of Job, transcends Goethe's fragmentary unsatisfying "Faust," and shines with lights of Plato, whose ideals become in the Christian empyrean at once motives and attractions, awakening desires that they more than fulfil. In terms like these I would sum up the Harvard Lectures: Admirably phrased, with perfect eloquence to commend them, such lessons justify to others than practical Americans the labor and ensuing delight of so many of us, to whom the "Divine Comedy" is our daily bread.

But what of this new translation? We have Cary, not yet antiquated; Longfellow is good in the letter; Plumptre yields a pleasant rhyming version; and for the parts best known one could cite more names. I began with a feeling of reluctance to turn over the pages of Mr. E. M. Shaw. This too was against him. He had simply printed his lines, without a note, an index, or so much as a num-

ber to them; and, of all poets, Dante requires the broadest margin for comment. I soon remarked that this was not a line-for-line equivalent; but "conciseness, the very soul of Dante's verse," it had, with strong English turns and strokes not unhappy. In many places, however, the blank verse halts; in some it is unfinished (a treason to the original); and, unless my ear deceives me, the Italian names are now and then falsely accented. There is also not unfrequently a lack of distinction where the Tuscan idioms have at least propriety. Mr. Shaw has resolved that he ought not to use quaint or archaic or even English biblical terms; but, after all, Dante wrote six hundred years ago; and his language sounds to Italy now much as the Scriptures do to us in King James's recension. I have marked lines which pull one up with a jerk, when slight inversions would have made them go trippingly on the tongue. Some decided failures, I grieve to say, must be registered; the worst, perhaps, is that most difficult inscription over the gate of Hell, which no rendering I have come across gives to satisfaction. Those who put Cary's verses beside Mr. Shaw's will not, on the whole, see much reason to prefer the new attempt. Yet, if I went into details, I could point with approval to many examples of simplification. I will instance the episode of Francesca, which all the world quotes, and which is better done than by Cary. As I am precluded from the only thorough method of testing a work such as this, by specimens largely analyzed, all I can do is to set down my general impression. Expecting to be turned away by the ruggedness of ordinary blank verse (journeyman's art, not the master's), and certainly vexed by needless modern locutions, which are but common places from the street, I ended my reading of the entire volume pleased

and even thrilled, as at a good clear copy taken from the unsurpassable original. Mr. Shaw, to my surprise (for I know not that he is a metaphysician) renders the abstruse philosophical passages, due in the main to St. Thomas Aquinas, exceedingly well. At certain points where I waited to catch him, and where the poetical demands are at their highest, as in the concluding section of the "Purgatorio," success attends on his efforts. By the way, translators ought to keep the Latin titles of Church hymns given by Dante, because of their suggestive association; but in an English version the Madonna should be called Mary, not Maria. These comments are endless; moreover, I have little studied Dante in other languages than his own. Here is the opening of the final Canto ("Paradiso," XXXIII.) from which any reader may judge of the qualities which Mr. Shaw brings to so formidable a task. It is St. Bernard's orison to our Lady, Englished by Chaucer in the "Second Nonne's Tale," which please compare.

"Mother and Virgin; daughter of thy Son;
Humblest and highest of created beings;
Determined goal of the eternal counsel:
The Bookman.

Thou, thou art she who hast ennobled
so
The human nature, that its very Maker
Scorned not to make Himself his own
creation.
Within thy womb was lit again the
Love
Whose heat has made this mystic
flower grow
In an eternal peace. And here thou
art
To us a noonday sun of charity;
And among mortals down below a
fount
Of lively hope. Lady, thou art so
great,
Thy worth is such, that whoso seeks
for grace
Without recourse to thee, his wish
would fly
Having no wings. For thy benignity
Not only succors him that asks for
help,
But freely oftentimes prevents the
prayer.
In thee do loving-kindness, piety,
Magnificence, and all there is of good-
ness
Within the creature meet. Behold this
man,
Who, from the lowest hollows of the
world
Up to this height, hath seen the lives
of spirits
One after one; who supplicates thee
now."

William Barry.

THE DISTRESS IN CANADA.

City men and investors generally, to say nothing of exporters, are so deeply interested in Canada that they naturally watch very closely all indications that are forthcoming as to the width and depth of the present depression. To judge from the latest telegrams, the wheat crop, which is likely to be superlatively good in the United States, will only be a moderate one in Canada, as the effects of drought have been severely felt in large districts of the

West. But the size and value of the crops are still problematical. The most definite sign of a setback is the official pessimism as exhibited in the extraordinary action taken by the Canadian Government.

From telegrams sent by the Ottawa correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* and the Toronto correspondent of *The Times*, it appears that unemployed persons in Canadian cities who have been in Canada less than three years, and

have become a charge on the public funds, are to be deported at the expense of the shipping and railway companies which brought them into Canada, although it is notorious that the Canadian Government was largely responsible for attracting them. Now, it is often stated in the Dominion that unemployment is a practically unknown problem; but as the *Yorkshire Post* observes in a well-informed and well-argued article, if unemployment did not exist in a rather acute form the Canadian Government would hardly take the drastic step of dealing with it by the summary process of deportation. The Canadian Government's decision is likely to remove a large number of immigrants from Toronto, Winnipeg, and other cities; and as some of these may probably have left Europe for political reasons, it is not surprising to hear that petitions and demonstrations are being got up to secure exemption from this arbitrary decree. The announcement of the Government's decision is said to have been made by Mr. Scott, the Superintendent of Immigration, to a deputation of Bulgarians and Bohemians. Work for the unemployed in towns is also to be provided on farms, but this presumably will only apply to persons who have the status of more than three years in Canada. The decree, if carried out in the drastic fashion now proposed, will be very hard on the shipping companies. It is, indeed, based upon a provision of a Canadian statute, but the companies could hardly have expected that they would be called upon to bear the cost of carrying home to Europe emigrants who had been in Canada for more than two years. Of course, there is an Aliens Act enforced in the United Kingdom, and it provides in one of its sections for the expulsion of aliens who within twelve months of their arrival may be certified by the magistrate to have become paupers or

vagrants, or to have been living under insanitary conditions, due to overcrowding. According to our contemporary, this power has never been used. The expulsion clauses have been applied only to convicted criminals, and even then the shipowners have not been called upon to bear the cost of deportation. The Canadian law on the subject and its administration were comparatively easy-going until 1908. Thus in 1904 only 36 British emigrants to Canada were sent back by the Canadian authorities, in 1908 the number rose to 878, and last year it was 836. At the same time, it must be observed that eight times proportionately as many British emigrants were rejected by the United States, mainly on the ground of poverty.

According to the Board of Trade's report on emigration and immigration, the outward movement of British subjects to countries outside Europe was 469,000 in 1913, a record total; but the return movement was also larger, and the net figure was only 241,997, a decline of 27,488 on the record of 1912. The movement from Canada home was particularly striking, for, while 196,000 persons of British nationality went to Canada, no less than 68,000 came back thence to the United Kingdom. The net figure of 127,000 emigrants to Canada for 1913 was considerably lower than for the two preceding years, and there is no doubt that this year a further reduction will occur. From a purely national point of view, the fall in the outward tide may be regarded with complacency; for of the male emigrants no less than 65 per cent ranged from 18 to 30, the very period of life when the national production and revenue have most to gain from a citizen. There is no need to take a gloomy view of Canada's future. But it is high time that the Canadian public authorities—federal,

provincial, and municipal—put their houses into financial order. Borrowing has been too easy. It is high time to make budgets balance, and to take care that public money, whether from taxes, rates, or loans, is more thriftily spent. First-class financial supervision is urgently required. As to land and other speculation, the danger of it is now known, and many luckless folk

The Economist.

are smarting under their losses. When prices were ridiculously high the London Press was full of highly colored invitations to the British public to "go in" and make fortunes. Our warnings at the time were resented in Canada, and neglected at home. Perhaps we may now say that the time for cautious and well-considered investments may soon again be approaching.

THE MAN OF THE EVENING.

To be perfectly fair, it was not that Dorice gave me too few instructions, but rather too many.

"I'm over at Naughton," she said through the telephone; "I'm staying with some people named Perry."

"How ripping of you to ring me up!" I said, flattered; "it's heavenly to hear your voice, even if I can't see you."

It was a pretty little speech, but Dorice ignored it.

"There is a dance on here, to-night," she continued hastily, "and at the last minute they are short of men, so I've promised to get them someone."

I gripped the receiver firmly and groaned. I knew what was coming.

Dorice proposed that I should leave the office *instantly* and catch the next train to Naughton.

She adopted rushing tactics with which it was practically impossible to cope.

All the time I was explaining to her how busy I was, and how I found it out of the question even to think of leaving the office, she kept on giving me varied and hurried directions.

I was to be sure to remember the steps she had taught me last time.

I was not to take any notice of a dark girl in a red dress, because she wasn't the slightest bit nice when you really got to know her.

I was to drive straight to the hall, where Dorice would be looking out for me.

"And now I can't stay any longer, and you must fly and catch the train, and so 'good-bye,' and I'll keep some dances for you!"

"Half a minute," I protested. "Where do I—? What is the name of—?"

But Dorice, with that delightful suddenness which is one of her most charming characteristics, had rung off, leaving my destination a mystery.

However, there was no time to worry about details. I told a dreadful lie to a man with whom I had an appointment, left the office and did wonderful things in the way of changing my clothes, packing my bag, and boarding a moving train.

At Naughton station I engaged a cab.

"Where to?" asked the driver, as he reached down for my bag.

It was the question I had been asking myself all the way in the train.

"That's just it," I said miserably, "I don't know."

He was a sympathetic-looking cabman—not one of the modern type, but the aged director of a thin horse and a genuinely antique four-wheeler.

"It's rather an awkward situation," I explained doubtfully; "you see,

Dorice forgot—I mean I'm supposed to be going to a dance somewhere round here. I was told to drive straight to the hall—I don't know *what* hall."

"That's all right, Sir," answered the sympathetic cabman encouragingly; "you were told to drive straight to the 'all; that'll be Naughton 'All."

He proceeded to awaken the thin horse.

"There is a big do on there to-night, Sir. It's a fair way out, but I'll 'ave yer there in no time."

"My dear good man," I remonstrated nervously, "for heaven's sake don't rush at things like that. Is this particular dance you wish to take me to given by some people named Perry?"

"Perry? Lord! no! Sir John Oakham lives at Naughton 'All. It's *'is* party."

The sympathetic cabman was a little pained at my ignorance.

Dorice had not said who was actually giving the dance.

With vague misgivings I climbed into the cab.

"Go ahead," I said, with my heart in my boots; "drive away and let's get it over."

It was a long drive, and more than once I was nearly killed through hanging my body from the cab window in a vain attempt to catch a glimpse of Dorice in one or other of the motors that passed us on the road.

At Naughton Hall I looked out for her expectantly.

There was not a soul in the room that I knew. In a fit of dreadful panic I began to search desperately. Dorice was nowhere to be found, and the band started upon the first waltz.

To me it was like a nightmare.

One thing I remember was finding myself dancing with a Miss Giggleswick.

I don't pretend to explain how it happened. As far as I can make out, some hospitably disposed person de-

cided that he was expected to know me and find me a partner.

Anyhow, I danced with a Miss Giggleswick, and also I talked to her.

I asked her very seriously if she knew anything of Dorice.

Miss Giggleswick thought I was referring to some new authoress.

"Yes—yes," she said thoughtfully, "I must have read some of them, but I can't remember which ones—I'm so silly about names."

After a time I pulled myself together, and somehow escaped from Miss Giggleswick. I made my way to the cloak-room, grabbed my coat and bag, and rushed for the front door.

Once outside I ran for my life.

I ran down the drive and along the road towards Naughton.

I floundered on blindly through thick mud and pools of water.

"A fine night!" shouted a cheerful ass as I struggled past him.

I pulled up sharply and peered at him through the darkness.

"A fine night? Oh, yes, it's a fine night," I laughed wildly; "but just tell me one other thing. Is there any other hall in this district except Naughton Hall?"

"Noa—unless of course yer mean Naughton Parish 'All," he added after deep consideration.

"Has anybody ever been known to give a dance there?"

"Ay, I dare say."

With grim determination I clutched my bag and trudged on.

It was late when I crawled up the steps of Naughton Parish Hall.

I threw my things in a corner, scraped some of the mud off my trousers, removed my bow from the back of my neck, and staggered in the direction of the music. A one-step was just over, and the dancers were crowding the foyer.

Dorice appeared with her partner.

I went and stood before her.

"Dorice," I stammered brokenly, "I—I've come."

Dorice excused herself from her partner and took me into a corner.

"Hear me first," I pleaded, utterly crushed. "Hear me first, Dorice. I've done my best. I went to the wrong place. You rang off without giving me the proper address. A blundering villain of a cabman took me to—Naughton Hall. They made me dance with somebody named Giggleswick. I escaped as soon as I could and came here. I ran a lot of the way."

I looked up at her beseechingly.

Then I discovered that my life was not blighted for ever.

Dorice was smilingly upon me—yes, smiling! She leant forward eagerly and touched my hand.

"*You've been to Naughton Hall!*" she whispered delightedly; "but my dear old boy, it's simply *the* dance of the season round here! All these people would do anything to get invited. The Perrys only gave this dance so that they could use it as a sort of ex-

Punch.

cuse for not being seen at the Naughton Hall one!"

"Anybody could have gone in my place," I murmured; "I didn't enjoy it at all."

Dorice got up and took hold of my arm.

"Come on," she said with suppressed excitement, "this is splendid!"

She took me through a crowd of people and introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Perry.

Then she raised her voice.

"He's sorry to be so late," she apologized as loudly as possible, "but you see he was forced to look in at the Naughton Hall ball. However, he got away as soon as he could and came on to us."

Mrs. Perry received me almost with open arms.

"We must try and find you some really good partners," she announced enthusiastically.

"*Rather!*" echoed Mr. Perry.

It was then close upon *midnight*. For the two hours of the dance that remained I was the man of the evening.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELDS.

By CANON JOHN VAUGHAN, M.A.

There is a peculiar charm and sweetness about our English meadows as the tall yielding grass falls into waves and ripples when summer wind passes over it. Shakespeare in several passages gives expression to this sense of "meadow sweetness," and so do many of our minor poets. There is a famous passage too in Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, in which our prose-poet sings the praises of the meadow-grass. "Consider," he says, "what we owe merely to the meadow-grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft and countless and peaceful spears. All

spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust."

But when the poets speak of the meadow-grass they make no attempt to distinguish between the various species which go to make up that "glorious enamel." Indeed even country folk make but little distinction, and speak

of them generally under the comprehensive name of "grass." And yet there are nearly one hundred and fifty species of British grasses. Some of them, it is true, are very rare, and others do not choose to dwell in meadows but prefer the high mountain or the seashore; but on the other hand a goodly number may be found in our English pastures. Of these only a few have popular names. There is, for instance, the foxtail grass, soft and hairy like a fox's brush, and the cat's-tail or Timothy grass, and the fescue-grass, and the wild-oat, and the quaking-grass called "totter-grass" by the pathetic Northamptonshire peasant-poet John Clare, and the sweet-scented meadow-grass. It is this latter species that gives such a delicious fragrance to the new-mown hay, which is due to the presence of a principle called coumarin, which it shares with several other British plants. The sweet-scented woodruff contains it, and the yellow melilot, and the spreading millet-grass, and, strange to say, one or two of our choicest British orchids, such as the burnt-orchis (*O. ustulata*), to be found on the downs about Winchester, and the extremely rare, almost extinct monkey-orchis.

It is interesting to notice that the fathers of botany gave the name "pratensis"—that is, growing in meadows—to six only of our British grasses; and the name was assigned with rare discrimination. These six species, which include several of those bearing popular English names, constitute without dispute the main grasses of our English meadows. Beyond the commoner kinds, good old John Gerard, herbalist and physician to King James I., freely confesses that in "the matter of grasses there may be many that have not come to my knowledge," and these he refers to "the curious searcher of simples."

And the curious searcher after sim-

ples will contend that, under the name of meadow-grasses, there are included many species which cannot be reckoned as grasses at all. Not to mention many sedges and rushes, which the unlearned and ignorant are accustomed to confuse with grasses, there are a large number of flowering plants growing among the herbage in our meads. Shakespeare, it will be remembered, reminds us that in early June—

Daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.

And these wild flowers, with many others, help to form the sum total of what is popularly called meadow-grass. Indeed it has been computed that only about one-half of the plants in an ordinary English meadow belong to the order of Gramineæ. The rest consists of various species, such as buttercups, and clover, and red sorrel, and yellow medick, and moon-daisies. Buttercups, we allow, are characteristic of our meadows. We can hardly conceive of an English meadow without buttercups. And of buttercups again there are over twenty species. The bright yellow pilewort, Wordsworth's "little celandine," will be seen in the meadows even in the early days of March; this will be followed by the bulbous buttercup, which can always be distinguished by the sepals being turned backwards and which makes a brave show early in May just as the spears of grass begin to lengthen; then comes the true meadow-buttercup, which is so conspicuous in our hay-fields at mowing-time.

The presence of clover in a meadow—both the red-flowering species and the white or Dutch clover—is welcomed by the farmer, for no plants give greater value to the hay crop. On the other hand, plants will sometimes be seen which sadly impoverish the yield. Perhaps the worst of these

pasture pests is the yellow-rattle, an unattractive parasite of the figwort tribe, which fastens on the roots of grasses and clover and drains them of their juices. This mischievous species took possession of the further end of my meadow called Longmeads, and the grass was seldom worth the cutting, it was so poor and thin. All efforts to get rid of it were in vain, and year after year the hay crop in that part of the meadow was spoiled. Several other species share with the yellow-rattle the same degenerate habit, such as the innocent-looking eyebright, and the red *Bartsia*, and the cow-wheat; and wherever these plants have established themselves the hay crop will be deficient.

Sometimes however rare and delicate species, which in no way interfere with the pasture, mix with the grasses. I know several meadows where the strange and uncanny little fern, known as the adder's-tongue, grows; and every year, just about haymaking time, the solitary, ovate, leaf-like frond springs up, and the capsules, gathered together into a spike, like unto a serpent's tongue, begin to ripen. The white meadow-saxifrage again is, to my thinking, a most attractive species, all the more attractive because, at least with us in Hampshire, it is so seldom seen. There is however one meadow, some eight miles from Winchester, where the plant grows in abundance. All over the pasture the pure white flowers mingle with the green grass, and may be seen from the roadway at some distance. This plant is asserted to have the curious use of denoting gravel, which is said never to fail being found near it. The great bistort, or snake-weed—to take another instance—so common in the Alpine pastures of Switzerland, is a rare plant with us, but once or twice I have met with it. In the historic parish of Selborne,

down the sequestered Lyth, once the favorite walk of Gilbert White, there is a large patch of it in a corner of the meadow. The great naturalist does not seem to have noticed it; but there it may be seen every summer, in company with the tall red spikes of the common sorrel and the white plumes of the meadowsweet.

In swampy meadows, along the course of streams, where, as Gonzalo says in the *Tempest*, "How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!" other interesting species may sometimes be seen. It will be remembered how, in the *Compleat Angler*, Izaak Walton, sitting under a willow-tree by the waterside, watches some children gathering lilies and lady-smocks, cow-slips and culverkeys. It is a disputed question what plant the honest fisherman meant by "culverkeys," and the great naturalist, John Ray, declared himself unable to interpret it. But the plant had blue flowers, for in another place in the *Angler* we meet with the expression "azure culverkeys," and in Lyte's *Herbal*, published in 1578, the plant is identified with the wild columbine. If by "culverkeys" Izaak Walton meant columbines and if he really saw "a girl cropping them in the meadow," it will be admitted that he enjoyed a rare botanical experience. In the wet meadow near Ifley Lock, and in other places about Oxford, the "chequered daffodyll," or purple fritillary, flowers abundantly every May. Matthew Arnold, in the beautiful commemoration of his friend Arthur Hugh Clough called *Thyrsis*, thus refers to them:

I know what white, what purple
fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-
fields
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford,
yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's
tributaries.
The fritillaries, both purple and

white, may also be seen in one or two low-lying swampy meadows in North Hants, growing among the sedges and grasses in vast profusion. In other places, as in the New Forest, the exquisite buckbean is sometimes so abundant that meadows are called

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after its name. The water-avens may also be present, and the flesh-colored orchis, and perhaps the rare and handsome marsh helleborine. And these and many other species serve, in popular estimation, to make up "the grass of the field."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

President Wilson has had a remarkable piece of good fortune. The departure of General Huerta, who has "eliminated" himself, and thus consented to the fulfilment of Mr. Wilson's condition that so "bloodstained" a man could not in any circumstances be recognized by the United States as the President of Mexico, is something better than could have been predicted even by optimists. There were times when Mr. Wilson himself, whose whole policy towards Mexico has been the embodiment of optimism, seemed to be plunged in depression. The most interesting questions now concern the use that he will make of this stroke of luck. We are extremely glad that it has happened, as there is now a chance for Mr. Wilson to shape his Mexican policy on lines that will ensure him as much credit as he has gained in home affairs by placing on the statute book an unprecedented number of measures—measures that had been too much for all the vigilance and determination of his predecessors. The most fatal error would be for Mr. Wilson to act on the assumption that good luck can be reckoned upon. The feature of his Mexican policy hitherto has been, in our opinion, his unwavering acceptance of the curious belief that things can be and not be at the same time. He has spoken of Mexico as a free and independent country, and yet, while disavowing any intention to intervene, has intervened in matters

which affect the very essence of a nation's independence. We do not venture to say how he can best reshape his policy, but all well-wishers of the United States must sincerely hope that he will take real advantage of his new opportunity; and the one certain fact is that no ultimate peace can come out of a theory that a proud people like the Mexicans, who have long rejoiced in their freedom, will sit down under a tutelage that pretends to be something else.

The choice will be, in the future as it has been hitherto, between intervention and no intervention. Mr. Wilson, having asserted definitely that the United States would not recognize General Huerta, was bound in honor, and in order to preserve the prestige of the United States, to continue his intervention so long as General Huerta remained in office. The Mexican affair took the form of a duel between the United States and a single man—rather an absurd development, because the quarrel was really between the United States and the Mexican Federalists. And there was a still more absurd development when one circumstance after another drove Mr. Wilson into the position of insisting that an apology by General Huerta for insults to American marines should be made in one particular way, and not in any other way, and of backing up his demand by the power of the United States Navy. The situation

into which Mr. Wilson was then manœuvred by events of course wholly misrepresented his notions of how a pacific ruler should manage international relations. To fall into pedantries about the manner of a salute was, in a sense, to do the very thing which he had expressly refused to do—to "recognize" General Huerta as a President holding a position comparable with that of other responsible and properly appointed heads of nations. Fortunately these things all belong to the past. They are worth mentioning now only because they illustrate the ludicrous situations that arise out of a self-contradictory policy. Mr. Wilson is a man of deep sincerity and a courage capable of noble and disinterested actions, as was proved once for all when he willingly accepted the risks of unpopularity and discredit in doing his utmost to secure the repeal of the clause which provided for discriminatory tolls in the Panama Canal Act. We hope that now that it is possible for him to start virtually afresh in dealing with Mexico he will be able to add what might be called a mental clarity to his other and greater virtues. We trust that he will see that the only safe way in Mexico will be to intervene effectually or not at all. To threaten the people of Mexico, and to add that, whatever happens, the United States will never go to war with them, is really to perpetuate unrest. In the past, while Mr. Wilson was telling the world that he was not intervening in Mexico, he was actually practising the most drastic kind of intervention—the proscription of particular persons. Even Napoleon did not do that when he had created or transformed kingdoms, except, perhaps, in the case of his brothers, and there was then a sort of family excuse. For our part, we have not much hope that quiet and safety for the lives and property of foreigners will be provided

by any one of the warring factions in Mexico, and we could wish that the Americans would even now accept the logic of events and make up their minds to occupy and administer Mexico. Surely that would be a task of civilization that they need not be ashamed of in any sense.

The logic that leads to that conclusion is particularly strong on account of the Monroe Doctrine. By that doctrine the United States accepts the duties of watchdog of the Western world. The great objection to a policy of non-intervention in Mexico is that the watchdog would not be keeping off the burglars. Yet no strange dog is allowed to trespass on the ground where burglaries are being committed, even though it may not be denied that the owner of the strange dog is losing his property or is in danger of his life. This is not a condition of affairs that can be rationally defended. The fact that Mr. Wilson has intervened at all in Mexico is an admission of responsibility. The fact that the British Government did not take any direct action in Mexico when Mr. Benton, a British subject, was murdered proved that they relied upon the United States to act for them. No doubt Mr. Wilson recognizes the implications and obligations of the Monroe Doctrine, and they may well cause him to decide that intervention cannot, in the end, be avoided. In that event he would be well advised to face the facts sooner rather than later, and call intervention by its proper name. We believe that the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine is a cardinal point of American policy, and we are very glad that it should be so. So long as "Hands off the Western world" is an acknowledged rule for the European Powers, diplomacy is enormously simplified by the subtraction of half the troubles in which it might become immersed. But it is obvious that respect for the Mon-

roe Doctrine all over the world must depend on the manner in which it works in practice. It would be a considerable irony if a pacific President of the United States destroyed a potent instrument of peace like the Monroe Doctrine because, through fear of appearing Chauvinistic, he allowed it to become blunted and useless. If, however, Mr. Wilson decides in favor of non-intervention, it will have to be non-intervention in a very real sense. Interference with the Mexican party which calls itself Constitutionalist would be too great a paradox to be even superficially tolerable. We fear that if Mr. Wilson continues to support the Constitutionalist he may find that their conduct is infinitely less comforting than their name. A com-

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parison of their known actions with those of the Huertistas is not flattering. If General Huerta was responsible for the murder of President Madero—which is not, we believe, proved—one of the Constitutional leaders, General Villa, has a terribly long list of crimes associated with his name.

Let us not, however, rehearse all the reasons for misgiving. The last thing we want to do is to write carpingly. Mr. Wilson has had a piece of good fortune which has released him from the necessity of treading a prescribed path. There is an opportunity for starting afresh, and we should rejoice greatly if he were able during his Presidency to solve the difficulties which we have attempted to describe.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Leonard Merrick's story "When Love Flies Out o' the Window" (Mitchell Kennerley) has for its heroine a girl who, after a brief but perilous career in Paris, is brilliantly successful on the stage in London and New York; and for its hero a young man who has chequered experiences as a journalist author and playwright. How the two came together, and later how they drifted apart, and how love, which had flown out of the window, flies back in the last chapter, the reader may find out for himself. The story is brightly told; it does not impose too heavy a strain upon the credulity; and the characters are well drawn.

Readers of "The Unpopular Review" (Henry Holt & Co. publishers) have a double reason for looking forward with pleased anticipation to each new quarterly number,—first, because it is certain to bring them sane, sensible

and humorous discussions of public questions, and second, because it discloses the authors of the articles in the preceding number, whose identity is concealed in the original publication. For example, it will be interesting, when the October-December number appears, to learn whose reflections we have been reading, in the current July-September number, upon "Unsocial Investments," "An Experiment in Syndicalism," "The Way to Flatland," "The Disfranchisement of Property," "Minor Uses of the Middling Rich" and half a dozen or more other timely topics.

In Dallas Lore Sharp's "Where Rolls the Oregon" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) the reader will find, not chapters of mild and pleasant sentiment about outdoor life and the charms of Nature, but vivid sketches of real experiences of wildness and grandeur. The author himself describes his book as "a group

of deep, indelible impressions of the vast outdoors of Oregon," and the description is accurate. The book is not the product of reflection but of vision and action. It describes mountains which the author himself has climbed; deserts which he has traversed; wild animals that he has hunted; herons, pelicans, grebes and murrens which he has followed and watched; and the adventures of cowboys in which he has had a share. One would have to go far to find a more stirring story of its sort than that in the chapter on "The Spirit of the Herd" which tells how Peroxide Jim headed off a panic-stricken herd from a precipice. If the reader who skims through the book to find out whether he may expect to like it dips into that chapter, he is destined to read the whole. There are twenty or so full-page illustrations from photographs.

If any annual publication may fairly be described as indispensable "The Statesman's Year-Book" (The Macmillan Co.) may be so characterized. It compresses into a single volume a vast amount of statistical, historical and political information about all the countries of the world and is prepared with a painstaking accuracy which makes it an unquestioned authority. Every year it grows in value, and increases also in bulk. The 1914 edition—the fifty-first from the beginning—reaches 1500 pages. A good deal of history has been made during the past year, compelling the rewriting of the sections on Turkey and China, considerable modifications in those relating to the Balkan States, and a new section on the new state of Albania. How thoroughly up-to-date the Year-Book is appears in the fact that the Albanian section is brought down to the arrival of Prince William at Durazzo, March 7, 1914, the personnel of the French Ministry to March 18,

1914, the reconstructed Turkish government down to May, 1914, and the record of events in Mexico also to May, 1914. Additions and corrections in the other sections bring the record down to approximately the same date. There are maps of the Balkan states, showing the new frontiers according to the treaties of London, Constantinople and Bukharest; of Mongolia; of Pan-American railways; and of wireless telegraph stations.

No one who read Grace Fallow Norton's "Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's" will fail to turn with pleasant anticipation to her second book of verse "The Sister of the Wind and Other Poems" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Nor will he be disappointed as he turns the pages of the later book. He will find there the same delicate fancy, the same grace of form, the same beauty of expression which charmed him in the earlier book, and occasionally something of the same pathos, as in such lines as these:

O hush, my heart, while I recall
The rosy-footed years
When I had no heart at all,
Only quick smiles and tears.
O sweet it was and safe it was
And O I would I were
Still running with white dreams that
pass
Like clouds across the air.
And this, "Unanswered":
O I have closed so many doors,
O I have closed so many, many doors.
But secret hands slide all the bolts
And silent feet glide o'er my floors;
Eyes come betwixt mine and the sun—
Who are the leaders of these strange
revolts?
Behold, they are my Questions and
they cry,
"Unanswered I, unanswered I—and
I—"
Unanswered every one.
Yet I have closed so many doors,
So many, many doors.